

# The Sketch



No. 488.—VOL. XXXVIII.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4, 1902.

SIXPENCE.



"PEACE, PEACE, QUIET AND PEACE."

A SKETCH FROM LIFE BY PHIL MAY.



IF ill news flies apace, good news has a mysterious way of travelling that baffles comprehension. I heard that Peace had been proclaimed at four o'clock on Sunday afternoon. I happened to be taking tea with a pedagogue who has his habitation beneath the walls of Windsor Castle, and his head boy (who, perhaps as a salutary warning, had been afforded an opportunity of studying a Fool) told us that the Boer delegates had signed the agreement. Seeing that Lord Kitchener's despatch was not posted at the War Office until six o'clock, I can only conclude that one of the youth's amiable relatives in the Cabinet allowed a hint of the truth to escape him at lunch-time. At first, I was inclined to pooh-pooh the statement. I had quite thought that the delegates would prolong the beautiful, inexpensive picnic for another week or so. However, when I stepped out of the train at Paddington on Sunday evening, I was speedily convinced of the soundness of the lad's information. And, although I didn't buy a trumpet and join the Maffickers, I wasn't sorry to be convinced.

I suppose Miss Jessie Smith is a very naughty little girl, but I must admit that I am deeply grateful to her for having provided me with a great deal of genuine amusement. To appreciate the humour of the case to the full, it is necessary to read it backwards. Thus, in the *Daily Mail* for Saturday, we have Jessie's father saying: "She will be sent to a reformatory school until she is sixteen, and perhaps that will alter her. She seems to know as much as a woman of thirty. She is as cunning as can be." (I shall beware of women of thirty in future. But that is by the way.) Let us now turn to the *Daily Telegraph* for the previous day. There we get heart-wringing stuff of this sort: "An ever-generous public has come swiftly to the relief of little Jessie Smith, the twelve-year-old waif whose infinitely pathetic story was published in these columns yesterday. . . . She is the unhappy embodiment of that ill-fortune which, in a city rich in philanthropic effort, may, as it appears, fall to the lot of a child who, bereft of parents, is left alone in London without friends. . . . To her accidental aid, at last, happily came the uniformed patrol who represents the connecting link between civilisation and the care of child life." (I expect that means a policeman.) "This twelve-year-old derelict on the tideless sea of Metropolitan life," revels the writer, smacking his lips, so to speak, over Jessie's sad lot. "She looked," he continues, "not exactly emaciated, but pale and distraught, as one carrying a weight of sorrow beyond her years. Her neglected appearance told its own tale. . . . How she kept body and soul together is a mystery. . . . She dried her tears at the thought that, in her case, there will be no more 'moving on,' save that involved in directing her weary feet into more pleasant paths, where she may one day almost forget that she was once 'alone in London.'" Boohoo! I wonder how many dear, soft-hearted ladies sobbed over that report. And to reflect that, after all, Jessie's "weary feet" are to be directed to a reformatory school! I think she deserves a better fate than that, if only for the reason that she has helped to put a stop to this sort of mawkish garbage in the popular Press.

Among the many people for whom I have an eerie admiration is the man who becomes wildly excited about newspaper cricket. I can understand, of course, that a person with a natural aptitude for playing the game likes to exercise his talent as often as possible. I can sympathise even more readily with the loafing cricketer who allows himself to be included in scratch teams because he wants an excuse for lolling about in flannels and drinking deep draughts of iced cider-cup. By dint of being bowled first ball and fielding out as near as possible to the pavilion, I have spent many happy days in a cricket-field myself. But, for all that, I cannot pretend to

the enthusiasm of a man who asked me in one breath, on Thursday morning last, who had won the toss for the Test Match and whether I thought Peace would be declared in the afternoon.

The mystery surrounding the destruction of M. Santos-Dumont's flying-machine has been a boon to many idlers of a speculative turn of mind. The most ingenious, and, at the same time, the most romantic explanation of the occurrence that I have heard up to the present comes from an ardent patron of cheap fiction, who suggests that some lady admirer of the unlucky aéronaut's destroyed the air-ship with the idea of preventing her beloved one from risking his neck any more. One can imagine the dear creature lurking in the bushes of the Crystal Palace gardens, and then, at the right moment, stealing out, knife in hand, to do or die in the sacred name of Love. If it were not so grossly inartistic to make fiction out of topical events, I should have written a short story round this idea. As it is, however, I here achieve a twofold object by preserving my own self-respect and taking the gas out of anybody else's balloon.

Whilst I am in the charitable vein, I may as well anticipate any busy journalistic bees who intend to work up Mr. Stephen Phillips's adventure at Brighton under some such title as "The Poet and the Burglar." Here is a rough outline of the way in which the story might be treated: 'Twas the hour of midnight, and, through the open window, came the sound of a deep-toned bell: the clock was striking twelve. The Poet, alone in his den, raised his weary head for a moment and listened for the faint moan that came ever and anon from the upper room, where his sick child lay panting in the fell grasp of a bad attack of measles. With a sigh of relief, he realised that the babe had dropped off to sleep at last: the house was still as death. Having to complete, as per contract, a poetic tragedy in five Acts before the morning sun gilded the heavens with a glimmering flood of light, he was about to resume his work. Suddenly, however, there smote upon his ear the sound of a something that stepped softly, stealthily, along the passage outside his door. Before he could—even if he had so desired—say "knife," the door opened, and a MAN stood before him. He was clad in white shoes and a lady's mantle. The remainder of the story can best be told through the Poet's own medium of dramatic-poetic dialogue.

THE POET: What art thou? Speak! I do command thee!

THE BURGLAR: I'm

A burglar.

THE POET: Hound! What dost thou in this house?

THE BURGLAR: I'm burgling, please, sir.

THE POET: Dog! I'll see thee swing

From glimmering gibbet naked 'gainst the sky

Ere thou shalt sneak one hat or overcoat.

THE BURGLAR: Kind gentleman, but stay thy—

THE POET: Anger?

No;

Thy poesy, and I'll be gone forthwith,  
Leaving umbrellas and the rack behind.

THE POET: Sayest thou so? What fearest thou?

THE BURGLAR: Thy trick

Of metre. 'Tis catching, I do hear. Spare me!

THE POET: Vile cur! I know thee now! Thou art a critic,  
Therefore thou wear'st that mantle of cheap scorn.

Begone, ere I do stuff thy glimmering pate

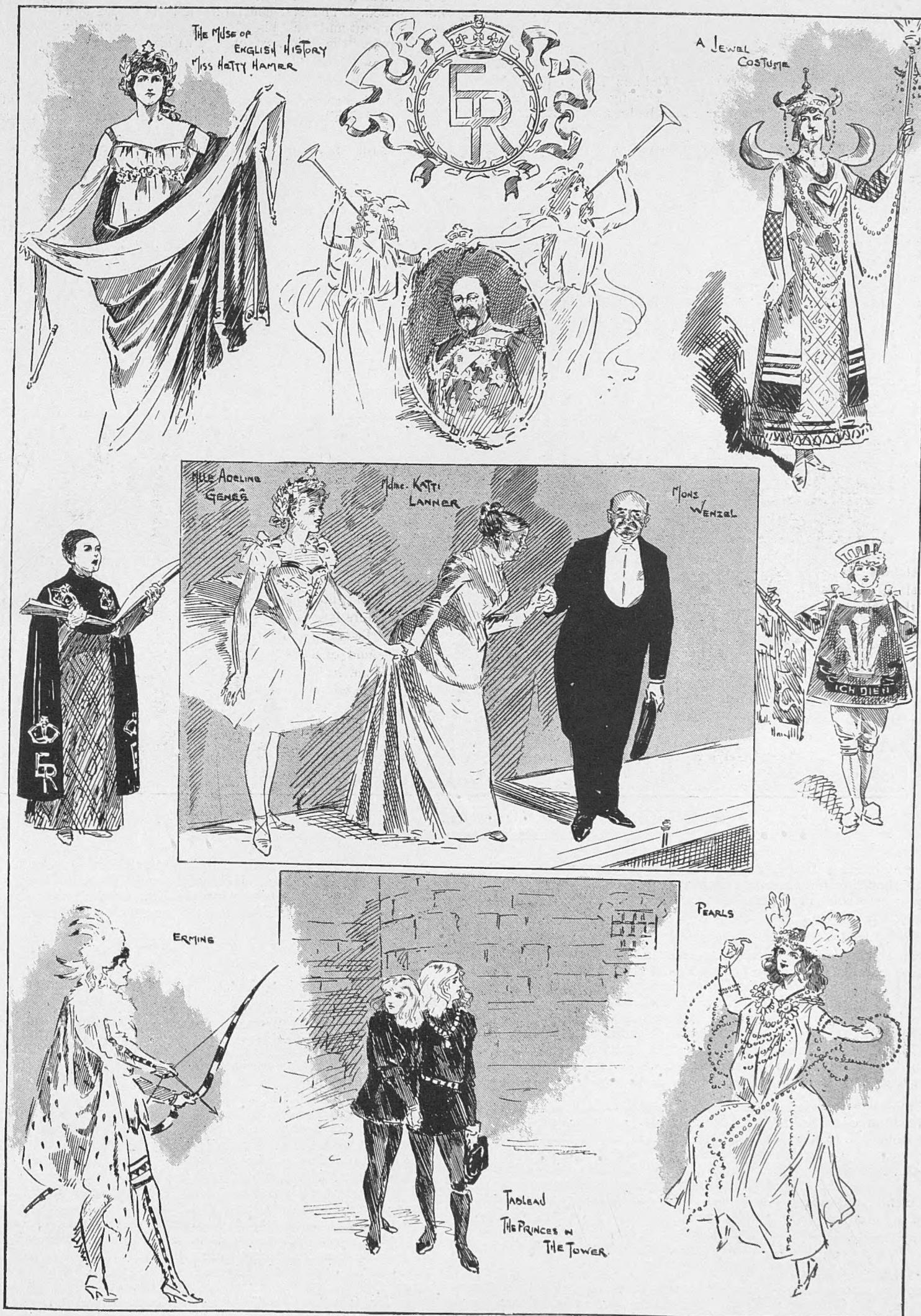
With strings of adjectives, each inapplicable.

[Exit THE BURGLAR, hastily.

THE POET: I'll after him, and  
give him now in charge!

[Exit, cunningly, in a stooping posture.]

Chicot



"OUR CROWN," THE NEW CORONATION BALLET AT THE EMPIRE.

(See Page 241.)

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.

## THE CLUBMAN.

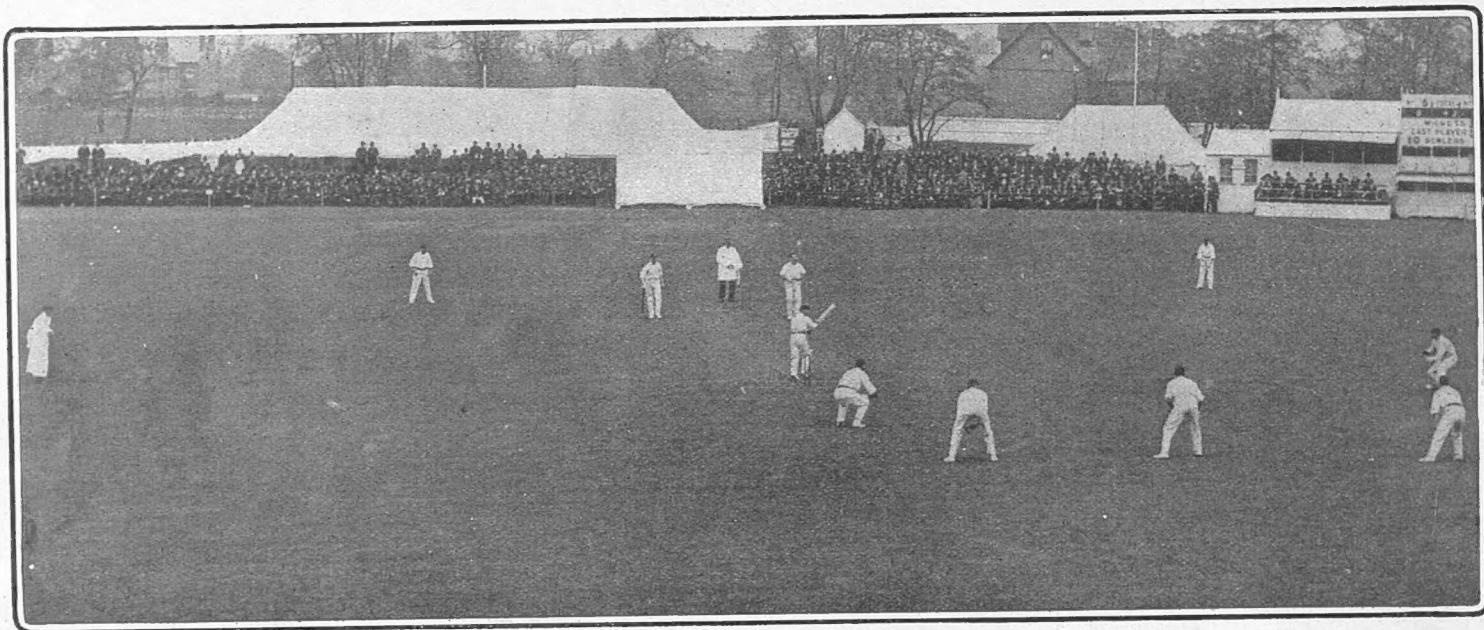
*The Colours of the Irish Guards—Heraldry and Colours—“Boxed-in” Clubland—Our Indian Guests.*

THE presentation of Colours to the 1st Battalion of the Irish Guards by the King shows that the battalion, which at present represents the new regiment, may be said to have been weaned, and will now be competent to take its full share of all guards of honour and royal guards on which one of the Colours has to be carried. Heraldry comes largely into play in the designing of all Colours and Guidons, but the Guards have far more badges to show than any ordinary regiment of the Line. Each battalion of a regiment of the Guards has its own badge, and each company in each battalion also has its badge, which in succession are carried on the Regimental Colour, a different badge being on each new Colour which is issued. Thus, on the Regimental Colour of the 1st Battalion Scots Guards there may be seen in the centre of the Union Jack which is its groundwork a cannon firing, with the motto, “Concussæ cadunt urbes,” which is the badge and motto of the right flank company. In a regiment of the Line the Colour which has as a ground the colour of the facings of the corps and has the Union Jack in one corner is the Regimental Colour, and the Colour which is entirely composed of the Union Jack is the King's one. In the Guards regiments the Colour with the field of plain colour is the King's Colour, and the Union Jack is the Regimental one. On the flags presented on Friday to the Irish Guards, the initials of the late Queen Victoria and of our present King are intertwined, and the happy visit of the good Queen to Ireland, one result of which was the order to

Trafalgar Square are left in all their native beauty; but Lord Napier of Magdala, who sits on his horse between the Senior and the Athenæum Clubs, has been put into a big packing-case, and the worthies of the Westminster Corporation will drum their heels above the hero's head, on which, at other times, the pigeons perch undisturbed. The statesmen on the little greens outside the Houses of Parliament and the Abbey have been built round by rows of seats, and now look the forlornest of forlorn black men standing on a sea of rough white boards.

I sincerely hope, for the sake of the pretty ladies and gallant men who are going to occupy the stands on the dining-room level of some of the Pall Mall Clubs that the days of the Coronation processions may be cool ones, for the carpenters are in some places constructing sheds for their accommodation which, if the June sun shines with any power, will be veritable Black Holes of Calcutta. The slope of the tier of seats on the next floor forms a low roof to the lower tier, and, though the occupants will be able to see something of the procession, they will be well baked, boiled, or steamed while waiting. As I stood and contemplated one of these bake-houses, two cabmen were also interesting themselves in its construction. “That's where the Dooks and Duchesses is going to sit,” said one. “I wouldn't stable the old mare in there, let alone a 'uman being,” rejoined the other, and I think that he was very right. Go and see your seat before you occupy it or put your wife into it, is my advice to all Clubmen.

Our Coronation guests are beginning to arrive, as “The Man in the Street” can see, for the Colonial uniforms are becoming very prominent in every thoroughfare. The Rajahs and Maharajahs are also



THE SENSATIONAL TEST MATCH BETWEEN AUSTRALIA AND ENGLAND, PLAYED AT BIRMINGHAM LAST WEEK: JONES (THE AUSTRALIAN) BOWLING TO TYLDESLEY (OF LANCASHIRE), WHO MADE 138.

raise a regiment of Irish Guards and the bringing into existence of the 1st battalion in the present reign, are thus jointly commemorated. Amongst the company badges awarded to the new battalion is one carrying the Arms of Earl Roberts, who is the first Colonel of the regiment.

There is a greater honour still to come in the future to the Irish Guards, and that is the presentation to them of a State Colour, such as the other regiments of the Guards now possess. This is a very special mark of favour from the Sovereign, and the banner, when given, is carried only on very extraordinary occasions, by direction of the King. Very strict rules are established for the occasions on which the Colours of the Guards are to be carried, the King's Colour being taken on guard only on certain days of Royal rejoicing and being lowered to none but personages of Royal birth.

The Guards regiments are not the only ones which have the privilege of carrying three Colours, for some of the Line regiments have from time to time been given permission to bear in the ranks a Colour captured from an enemy. At one time there was more than one French Eagle borne amidst British bayonets, and the Buffs exercised for a period the right to carry a great Sikh flag between the Regimental and the King's Colours. Most of these captured trophies, however, now repose in glass-cases in mess-rooms or hang in some place of safety; but the State Colour of a Guards regiment, when it is worn-out by use, is replaced by another—a personal gift from the Sovereign on the Throne.

Some humorist should interview the statues of London on their treatment in Coronation Year. We abuse our works of art very unmercifully, and we treat them very much as though they were lumber when a great festival is at hand. Walking through Clubland—a land which now resembles a huge carpenter's-shop or a Canadian lumber-yard more than streets of palaces—it is curious to see how our great men in bronze have been treated. The monstrosities of

coming over from India in batches by each “P. and O.” steamer. The Maharajah of Kuch-Behar, the best-known of all the Indian Princes to Londoners, is already in our midst, and Sir Pertab Singh, the gallant old soldier who, with Kuch-Behar, comes as an “A.D.C.” to the King, has also arrived.

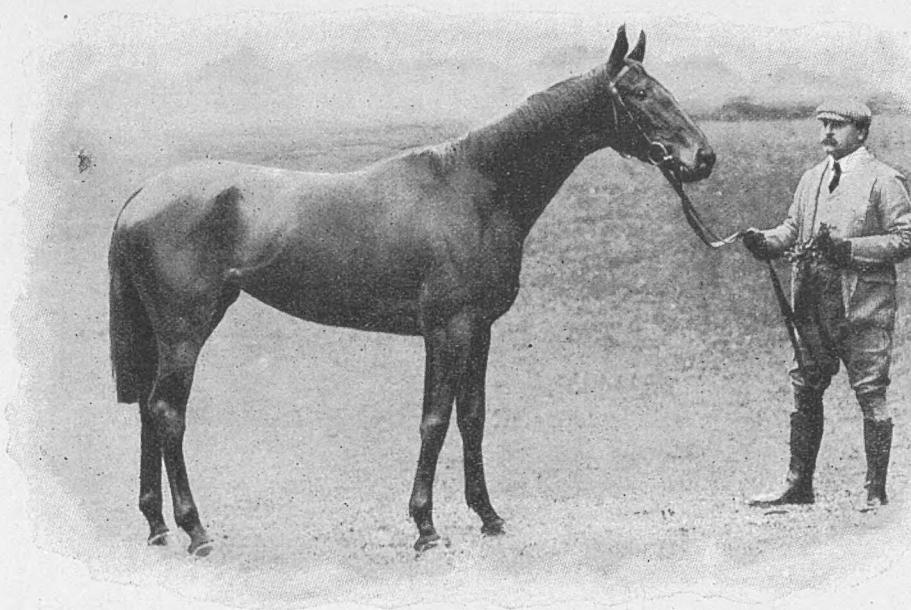
## ENGLAND v. AUSTRALIA: FIRST TEST MATCH.

This, a most sensational match, was played at Birmingham, but, unfortunately, left unfinished owing to wet weather. The England Eleven included MacLaren (as Captain), Fry, Ranjitsinhji, Jackson, Jessop, Tyldesley, Lilley, Hurst, Braund, Lockwood, and Rhodes. Having won the toss, MacLaren took first innings, and, the wicket being a good one, some fine cricket was expected. However, Fry was caught at the wicket without scoring, MacLaren soon run out by Ranjitsinhji, and the latter left at 35. Jackson and Tyldesley then came together and a long stand was made, the latter batting beautifully and scoring 138 before he was given out leg before. Hirst made 48, and the first day's play closed with the last men, Lockwood and Rhodes, not out and the score standing at 351. On Friday this was increased to 376 (Lockwood having 52 to his credit and Rhodes 38, both not out), and MacLaren then declared. The change that followed was surprising. Lockwood and Rhodes had been playing the Australian bowling with comparative ease and had put on twenty-five runs in half-an-hour; but the Australians were all disposed of for 36, the smallest score ever made in a Test Match, Trumper alone getting into double figures, with eighteen. Rhodes had the remarkable analysis of seven wickets for seventeen runs, and Hirst three for fifteen. The Colonials, of course, followed on, and had scored eight without loss when play was suspended owing to the bad light. On Saturday the morning was wet, and, though the afternoon turned out beautifully fine, the pitch was too soft to allow of the game being resumed till after five o'clock. When the score had been taken to 46 for two wickets, stumps were pulled up and the match left drawn

## "PEACE."

BY RUTLAND BARRINGTON.

In the Spring of Nineteen Hundred England's pride was dealt a blow,  
And we sorrowed for the fallen in the fight;  
But the thought was ever present that the ebbing tide must flow  
And our Army soon would indicate its might.



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(SEE "THE WORLD OF SPORT.")

Photograph by F. Baker.

Came the summer, hot and hazy, and the work grew hotter still,  
But the future of our cause we did not dread;  
For the hardy hosts of England all were working with a will  
In the Faith in which their Ancestors were bred.

Shout a Pæan!  
Lusty British throats;  
Bravely let it ring from Pole to Pole!  
Empyrean!  
Praising in its notes  
God!—who gives the Glory of the whole!  
Under Him our men have fought,  
Under Him has Peace been bought,  
Under Him a lesson taught,  
By the Army that we greet with heart and soul.

When the Autumn leaves were falling and the veldt was bare and brown,  
And the rain of British shot was driving fast,  
Then success upon success lent added lustre to the Crown,  
And our Might and Right triumphant were at last!  
Came the Winter, chill and gloomy, turned to Summer by delight,  
For the cloud of early Spring had been dispelled,  
And Old England cheered her soldiers, and rejoiced that, in the fight,  
Under Providence, her Glory was upheld!  
Shout a Pæan!

In the Spring of years unnumbered, when her Faith was but a seed,  
It was planted in an ever-fruitful soil,  
And the Summer sun caressed it, with a never-ceasing heed,  
Till its growth repaid the never-ending toil;  
So that Autumn found the Faith established firmly as a rock,  
And the Winter had no grip of deadly chills;  
And so long as England holds to Christianity, no shock  
Shall deprive her of the place she fitly fills.  
Shout a Pæan!

## "OUR CROWN," AT THE EMPIRE.

OF the magnificence of the Empire's new production there can be no question; nothing that money can do for it has been left undone, and, as good taste is always shown by Mr. Wilhelm and his coadjutors in the conception and arrangement of colour-schemes, we have stage-pictures that maintain the high standard established by the house. At the same time, I find myself regretting that the Management has relied more upon sheer splendour than upon the clever Company Madame Lanner directs and organises. To all intents and purposes, "Our Crown" is a one-part spectacle; Mdlle. Genée has the monopoly of the stage-work, and, though she does work of unaccustomed difficulty with a distinction hard to over-praise, it is disappointing to see so many clever artistes with nothing at all to do. An Empire ballet with no opportunity for Ada Vincent, May Paston, and other clever girls leaves something to be desired.

It may be urged, with reason, that the present is an extraordinary occasion, and that, in giving spectacular form to the Coronation idea, the Directors have not sought to deal with ballet on the ordinary lines, with mimes as well as dancers. If this be the case, one must confess it has been justified by the treatment. Forget the talent that goes unused and the prominence given to dresses rather than individuals, forgive the absence of the thread of story that connects and translates the dances in so many ballets, and "Our Crown" is entitled to all the praise with which we greet Empire productions. A finer stage-picture than the Royal Pavilion of the British Empire would be hard to find, and Madame Lanner gives splendid effect to the living masses of colour that fill the stage.

To me, the greatest charm of "Our Crown" lies between Mdlle. Genée's dancing and the ballet's musical setting. M. Wenzel has gone to the British Museum for the opening scene in the Caves of Memory where the Muse of History recalls certain incidents in the reigns of the Edwards. He has a thirteenth-century chant, a Song of Victory, and a Christmas Carol from the fifteenth century, together with some Colonial music founded on the earliest native tunes. Needless to say, he has handled this material with his accustomed skill, while his own music, brilliant, melodious, and full of irresistible energy, realises the idea of the ballet and maintains its interest from the first bar to the last. No dance can be insignificant when M. Wenzel has set it to music, while, when Madame Lanner has arranged and the Empire Management has dressed it, there is no limit to its effect. "Our Crown" takes an honourable place in the record of the Empire's great achievements.

S. L. B.

At the moment of going to press I am asked to contradict a rumour to the effect that Sir Henry Irving will anon join Mr. Charles Wyndham, to play

in a new drama by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. Sir Henry tells me that he has fixed a provincial tour to start a few weeks after the finish of his present Lyceum season in July. After that provincial tour, he will start a suburban ditto, which will carry him on to his next Lyceum season, in April 1903.

Sir Lewis Morris has just arranged to write a new poetic drama for Miss Olga Nethersole.

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## SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

*The King's Birthday.*

His Majesty's official birthday was celebrated on Friday by the trooping of the colour on the Horse Guards Parade with the customary imposing ceremonial. The interest of the occasion was greatly enhanced by the presentation of their first set of colours to the Irish Guards by the King personally, an honour which the "brave Irish" much appreciated. The music of the massed bands is always one of the most attractive features of the Birthday Parade, and on Friday the instrumentalists of the Household troops, under the direction of Mr. J. Mackenzie Rogan, of the Coldstream Guards, senior Bandmaster of the Brigade of Guards, played magnificently. Mr. Rogan has brought his own particular band to the highest point of perfection, as its performance in St. Paul's at the Cecil Rhodes Memorial Service sufficiently proved, and on Friday his composition, "The Emerald Isle," played during the "Inspection Troop," was greatly admired. His "Bond of Friendship" march was played on the route to St. James's Palace, where the combined bands performed a selection during the guard-mounting, the first piece being Sir A. C. Mackenzie's "Coronation March," arranged for military bands by Mr. Rogan.

The three elder children of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, seated at the windows of the Horse Guards, followed every detail of the spectacle with animated interest, and gravely saluted when the National Anthem was played. Prince Edward, in particular, takes a very serious view of his responsibility in this matter and makes a point of formally saluting the sentries stationed about the Royal Palaces on all occasions, much to the gratification of the stalwart wearers of the bearskin.

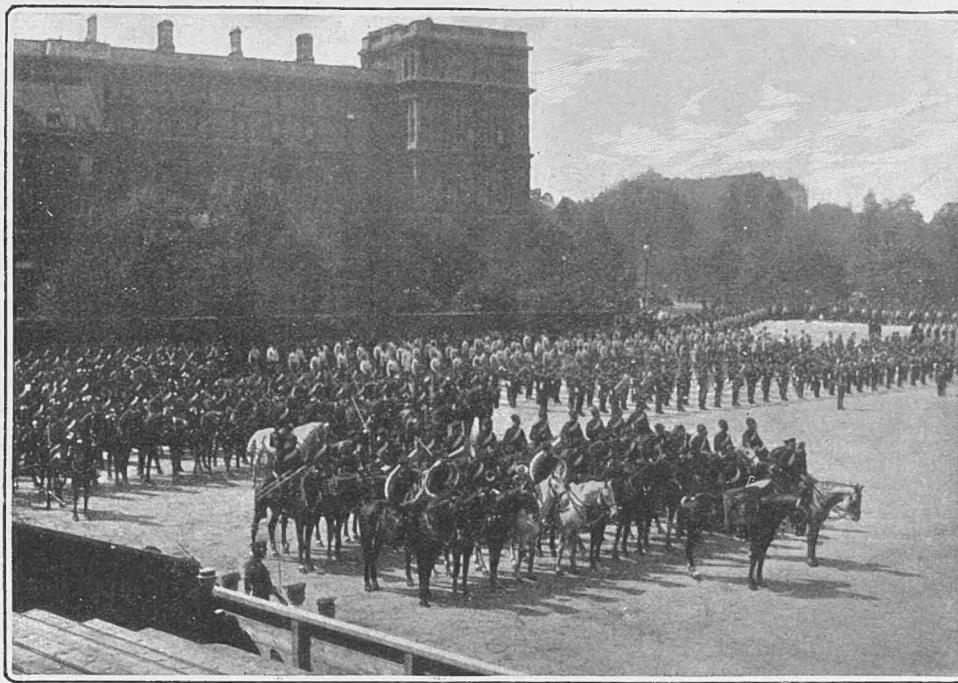
*The King and the Jockey Club.* Great will be the rejoicings amongst the British members of "the most exclusive Club in Europe" to-night, for, for the first time since his accession, the King will preside over the Derby night dinner—a function which was for so many long years one of the most interesting of all annual

festivities at Marlborough House. At the present time, it is rather interesting to recall the fact that the Derby Day dinner was inaugurated by the "first gentleman in Europe," the custom being kept up by his sailor-brother, William IV. These banquets, which, according to contemporary accounts, lasted literally hours on end, took place in the great Supper Room of St. James's Palace. Queen Victoria naturally dropped the custom, but it was revived by her eldest son, who made several alterations in what used to be the course followed. Thus, the Derby Day dinner now lasts scarcely an hour, and the guests, as a rule some fifty in all, wear evening-dress, not uniform. The buffet, however, is a wonderful sight, for, in honour of the occasion, His Majesty's splendid collection of racing cups, hunting trophies, and every piece of plate associated directly or remotely with sport, is gathered together on show.

King Edward VII. has many pleasant memories connected with Epsom Downs. It was on what is essentially the racecourse of the Empire, "the Londoner's own particular," that the then Prince of Wales won the Derby in 1896, Persimmon carrying the future Sovereign's colours to victory. John Watts was the lucky jockey, and it was said at the time that never had there been such a favourite. Four years later, His Majesty won his second Derby with

the happily named Diamond Jubilee, who was, by the way, own brother to Persimmon.

*Coronation Gossip.* It has often been said that our great nation has no sense of perspective. Certainly at the present moment the Coronation literally blocks the way, and nothing else is thought of and talked of than the forthcoming Crowning of our popular King. The Abbey, as one of the minor Royalties somewhat irreverently remarked some time ago, "takes a bit of filling," and, according to popular rumour, many people are being offered seats for the great day who really have no more right to be present at the Coronation than have many of their friends and neighbours.



THE MASSED BANDS REHEARSING THE KING'S BIRTHDAY MUSIC ON THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE.



PRINCE EDWARD OF WALES AND HIS BROTHER, PRINCE ALBERT, IN ATTENDANCE AT THE REHEARSAL.  
Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.

*The Duke of Marlborough's Garter.*

Lieutenancy of Ireland? The Garter, it need hardly be said, is by no means an unusual addition to the state of the Dukedom of Marlborough, though, oddly enough, the first Duke, the great Captain who won the distinction for his family, did not have it among his many honours.



HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH,  
THE NEW KNIGHT OF THE GARTER.

*Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.*

was a Staff Captain in the Imperial Yeomanry in 1900, when he had the distinction of being mentioned in the despatches. He is now only thirty and has for the past six and a-half years been married to the daughter of Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, of New York, by whom he has had two sons.

*Coronation Functions.* The King is understood to be in favour of a revival of dancing. In his day, His Majesty was an indefatigable waltzer, and Queen Alexandra was one of the most skilful as well as one of the most beautiful daughters of Terpsichore; but their children have never been famed for their love of dancing, and in modern days Royal personages seldom make their appearance in a ballroom save when on absolute duty bent. Dances great and small are, however, to be a feature of the Coronation Season, and among well-known hostesses who are favouring this kind of entertainment may be mentioned Lady Derby, Lady Esther Smith, Lady Loudoun, and the Dowager Lady Conyngham. During the Coronation fortnight, the Duchess of Westminster and the Duchess of Devonshire will vie with one another as ball-givers, and it is quite probable that the dance at Devonshire House will develop into a stately and beautiful fancy-dress ball, as was that which took place during the Diamond Jubilee season. It is also said that Lord Rosebery, who has given more than one dance in his fine house in Berkeley Square, will give a Coronation ball, which will be honoured by the presence of their Majesties and of all the Royal Coronation guests.

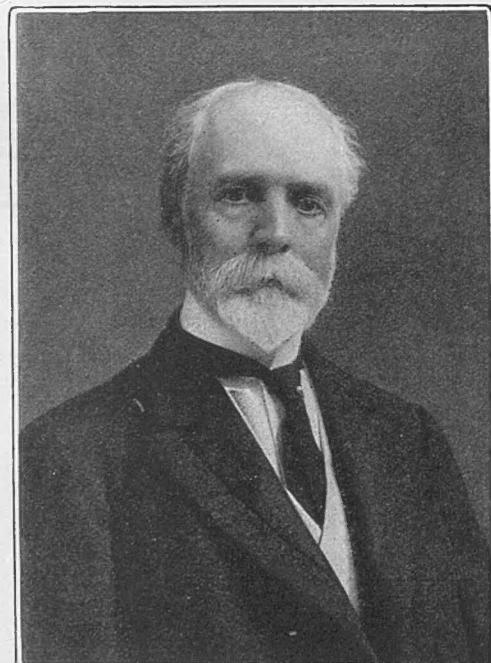
*Procession Day Doings.* Those who cannot hope to be in or near the Abbey are naturally turning their attention to the great doings which are to take place on Procession Day. The sight will certainly be extraordinarily picturesque, and those who have not yet fixed upon a spot from which to see the Procession would do well to turn their attention to the City, for it is there that the most picturesque incidents of the Royal Procession are to take place. At Temple Bar, for instance, their Majesties will be received by six members of the Court of Common Council, quaintly habited, and the meeting will be surrounded by special pomp. At St. Paul's the City's loyal Address will be presented by the Lord Mayor, who will travel in State from the Mansion House in the most gorgeous of the City State-coaches, drawn by six horses, and he himself will probably wear the marvellous

costume in which he appeared at the Coronation. The many beautiful City churches due to the genius of Wren and which have survived the iconoclasts who flourished early in the nineteenth century will joyfully welcome the newly crowned King and his Consort, every City bell "being fired," to use the technical expression, as the Procession passes by. After the Procession has come to an end, King Edward and Queen Alexandra will take a brief rest, and then they will proceed to Lansdowne House.

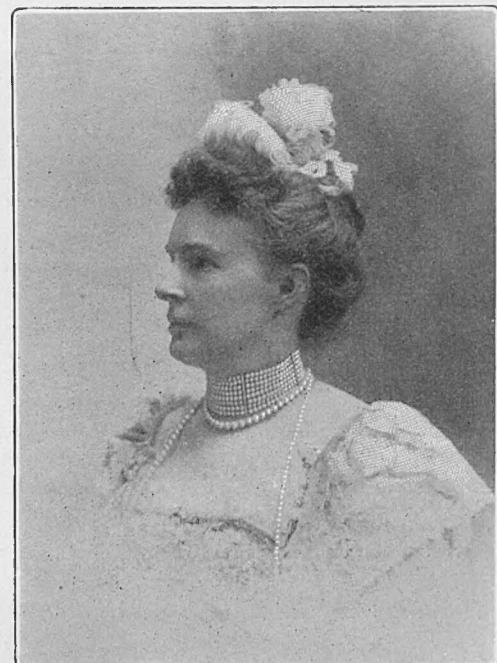
*The Hereditary Lord High Constable of Scotland.* The Earl of Erroll, who has succeeded in substantiating his claim to act as Hereditary Lord High Constable of Scotland, is the nineteenth Earl and is also Knight Marischal of the Northern Kingdom. He is a man who has had

a distinguished career, having commanded the Royal Horse Guards and acted as Aide-de-Camp to Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley during his Commandership-in-Chief. He was born in Montreal in 1852. His mother, the Countess Dowager, is a daughter of the late General the Hon. Sir Charles Gore, G.C.B., a brother of the Duchess of Inverness, wife of His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex. The Dowager Lady Erroll was Lady-in-Waiting to the late Queen, and was decorated by her with the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert. In virtue of his office as Hereditary Lord High Constable of Scotland, Lord Erroll has the right of precedence in the Northern Kingdom over every subject not of the Blood Royal. This right was conceded to his father during the visit of George IV. to Scotland. The historic dignity was granted as far back as the year 1315, in favour of Sir Gilbert Hay, a devoted companion-in-arms of Robert Bruce. He had previously, in 1309, received the office, but it was not until the later date that it was made hereditary to his heirs of line. A century and a-half later the family received an Earldom. The Hays are amongst the noblest houses in Scotland, and are represented in the Peerage by two distinguished junior branches, the Marquisate of Tweeddale and the Earldom of Kinnoull. It is a very notable fact how the Hays in their three representative titles have gone in for the doubling of letters. In Erroll there is the double "r" and the double "l," in Kinnoull the double "n" and the double "l," and in Tweeddale the double "e" and the double "d." The family is a branch of the Norman De La Hayes which settled in England at the Conquest, but, with very excellent prophetic judgment, preferred Scotland as the country of their advancement. On the death of Andrew, seventh Earl of Erroll, the Earldom and Constablership passed by decree to Francis, the second son, on account of the insanity of his elder brother. At the Coronation of George III. immense popular interest was centred in the Lord Erroll of the day, who officiated as Constable in the very Hall where, a few years previously, his ill-fated father had lost his head for antagonism to that selfsame House of Hanover which his heir was honouring.

*The Lady of the Stars and Stripes.* Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, who during the Coronation festivities will be in the pleasant position of Special Ambassador from her native land to our own, has a great knowledge of the diplomatic world, for her distinguished husband has represented the United States in more than one European country, and no American Minister was ever more popular in Paris. Brook House, which Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid have just taken from Lord Tweedmouth, is a very fine building, full of objects of art and priceless paintings. It is probable that during the Coronation fortnight Mrs. Whitelaw Reid will act as hostess to all the more distinguished American visitors in London.



*Photograph by Taber, San Francisco.*



*Photograph by Dupont, New York.*

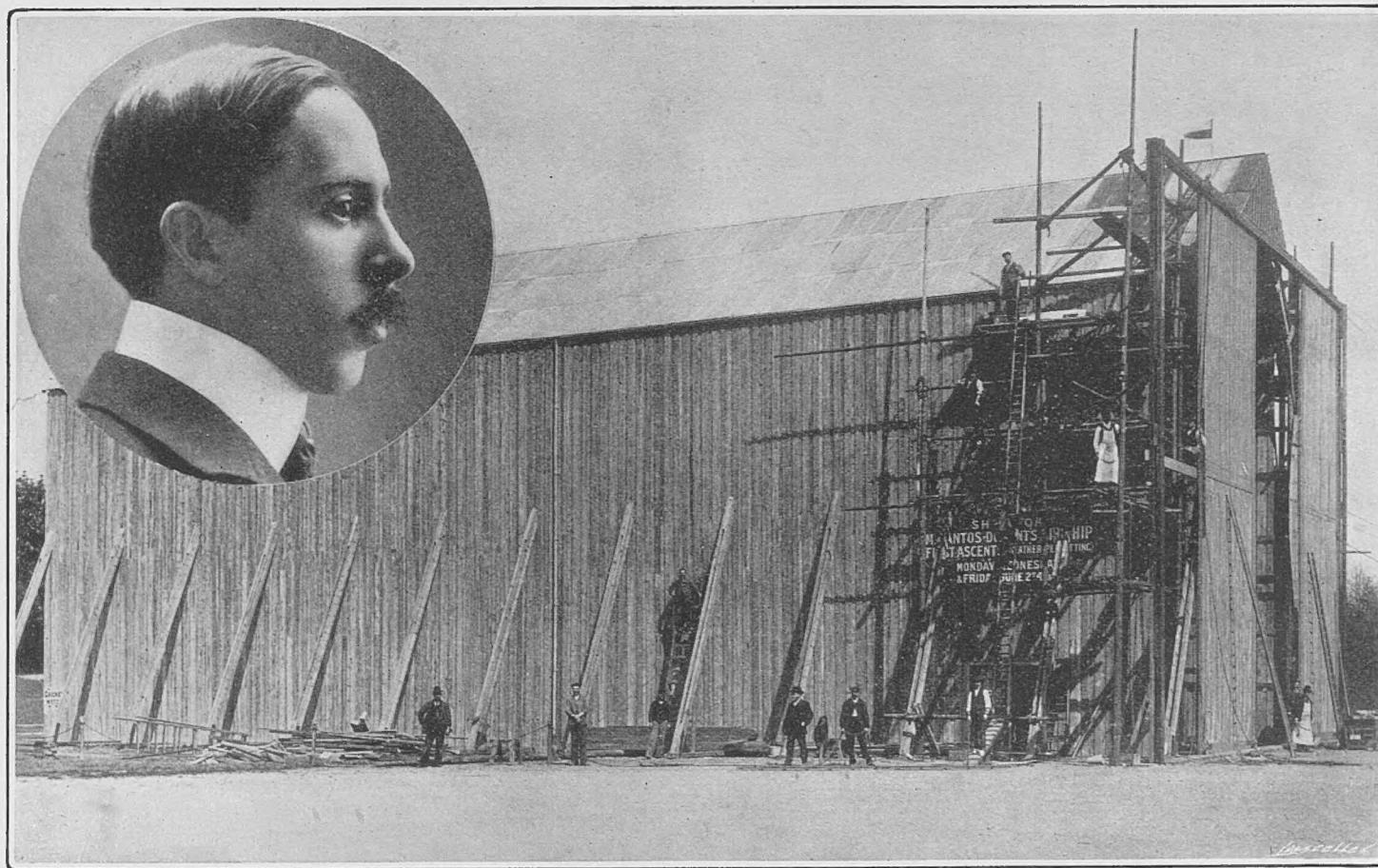
MR. WHITELAW REID (THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE UNITED STATES AT THE CORONATION) AND HIS WIFE, WHO HAVE TAKEN BROOK HOUSE FROM LORD TWEEDMOUTH.

*M. Santos-Dumont.* The threatening eye with which, according to Shakspere, Fortune looks upon men when she means most good has been almost too much in evidence with M. Santos-Dumont. Air-ship after air-ship has belied its name by sinking unbidden to the earth ; on more than one occasion the daring aéronaut has been in imminent peril of his life, and now the public flights which were to have begun this week have of necessity been postponed indefinitely. Even M. Dumont's customary nonchalance must have been sorely tried when, on his return from Paris, it was found that the silken casing of his balloon had been badly rent in several places. The scene of the unfortunate accident or outrage, as the case may be, was the huge shed specially constructed near the Crystal Palace polo-ground. It had been deemed advisable to hold some preliminary experiments before the public trials, and the inventor's two French assistants were busily adjusting the mechanical portion of the vessel when its owner arrived. All was apparently well then, but while he was at luncheon it was discovered that the silk was torn and quite beyond repair. Detectives and police were, of course, at once summoned to take the matter in hand. The first theory was that the damage was malicious, or, at least, mischievous ;

whispers over his shoulder to the Speaker, who makes the necessary explanation to the aggrieved one.

*The Bearded Clerk.* A beard at the table of the House is very strange. Members have scarcely yet become accustomed to the dark-grey beard of Sir Courtenay Ilbert, who was brought from another sphere to take the seat of the Chief Clerk. Lord Peel has a beard which was held in awe by members when he was Mr. Speaker Peel, but a Clerkly beard seems stranger even than a Speaker's beard. Sir Courtenay Ilbert is a distinguished man and an acceptable Clerk, but he does not come much into contact with the ordinary member. His duties inside the House are lighter than those of the other Clerks. Probably his responsibilities are onerous.

*The late Lord Pauncefote.* Lord Pauncefote's death, though apprehended, comes as a matter of shock and regret not only to innumerable friends, but to many relatives. He was a member of a family which, though comparatively modern, has, by its energy, wealth, and alliances, obtained exceptional influence in the country. The descendants of the Smiths, bankers of Nottingham,



M. SANTOS-DUMONT AND HIS AIR-SHIP HOUSE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

IT WAS IN THIS SHED THAT THE ALLEGED WANTON OUTRAGE TO THE BALLOON—RECORDED IN LAST WEDNESDAY'S PAPERS—WAS COMMITTED.

Photographs by Russell and Sons, Crystal Palace.

but, later, the opinion that it had been accidentally done in the folding for removal gained more credence.

*A Vacant Chair at the House.* A vacant chair at the table of the House of Commons last week conveyed a pathetic intimation. When the House separated for the Whitsuntide recess, Mr. Jenkinson, the Second Clerk (technically, the Clerk Assistant), looked as keen as ever, with his single eye-glass in his eye. After the recess, however, the centre chair was vacant. On the right sat Sir Courtenay Ilbert, the new Chief Clerk of the House ; on the left was Mr. Nicholson, the Second Clerk Assistant. Mr. Jenkinson, whose place was empty, had been in the service of the House since 1866 and had been at the table since 1886. So rapid have been the changes in recent years that nobody now sits there who was a Clerk in the days of Mr. Gladstone. It is assumed that Mr. Nicholson will succeed Mr. Jenkinson, then drawing a salary of £1500 instead of £1000.

*A Parliamentary Sub-Editor.*

Questions to Ministers in the House of Commons are sub-edited at the table. They are made to conform to certain rules, written and unwritten. The Speaker takes the responsibility for the sub-editing, but the work is really done by the Junior Clerk. Numerous complaints have been made on account of the censorship applied by Mr. Nicholson, members being very sensitive on the subject. Mr. Nicholson cannot defend himself. The Clerks are dumb. They can only read out Orders of the Day and similar intimations. Accordingly, when a member complains that his question has been tampered with, the Junior Clerk

are represented principally by four important houses. That of Carrington, generally supposed to be the head, is really the most junior. The head is Mr. Dorrien-Smith, of Tresco Abbey, Scilly Isles ; then comes Sir Henry Bromley, Bart. ; and, thirdly, the late Lord Pauncefote. The late Peer, in addition to the Peerage recently conferred upon him, possessed the Grand Cross of the Bath, an Order next in rank to that of the Garter. His Excellency had exceeded the age-limit, and, had he lived, could not have much longer held a post he filled so well and with such popularity. The Pauncefote name and property came to the present Sir Henry Bromley's great-grandfather by marriage. He had already changed his name once when he added that of Pauncefote. Instead of leaving the property to his son, who was a distinguished Admiral, he left it to a relative.

*The Exploration of Morocco.* Letters from Morocco tell me that Walter Harris and Cunningham-Graham have left Tangier for

the interior. This statement is a bald one enough, but it covers infinite possibilities so far as our knowledge of Morocco is concerned. The best exploring work in that fascinating country has been done by the two adventurous Britons who are now travelling together. Walter Harris is the only living Englishman who has visited the oases of Tafilelt, and, if Cunningham-Graham's journey to Tarudant was unsuccessful, it resulted, at least, in the best travel-story it has ever been my good luck to read. That is "Moghreb al-Aksa," a delightful account of the travellers' experiences. Mr. Harris, who is generally supposed to be Morocco Correspondent to the *Times*, has built himself a beautiful Moorish house a few miles out of Tangier, on the seashore.

## New Zealand's Premier.

The Right Hon. R. J. Seddon, whose recent striking speeches in South Africa have aroused considerable attention, may justly be called a Jack of all political trades; in addition to holding the Premiership of New Zealand, he is Colonial Treasurer, Minister of Labour, Minister of Defence, and Commissioner of Trade and Customs. He is essentially a self-made man and is no carpet-slipper politician. Born at Eccleston, Lancashire, fifty-seven years ago, the son of the late Thomas Seddon and Jane Lindsay, Mr. Seddon received but a modest education, and emigrated to New Zealand in 1867, when the tide of gold-seekers was at its flood. Quick to grasp the possibilities of Colonial life, he took every opportunity that presented itself, and, passing through every phase of goldfield life, rose from Road Board to County Council. Then, in 1879, he was returned to Parliament as Member for Hokitika, and in 1881 for Kumana, holding the latter constituency until 1890. Mr. Seddon married Louisa Jane, daughter of Captain John Spotswood, in 1869, and has two daughters. He is essentially a popular speaker and has been much to the front in despatching contingents of troops to South Africa. His coming visit to England, as one of the King's Coronation guests, should arouse much interest. Mr. Seddon is a mechanical engineer by profession.

*The Thames Fleet.* Really, if things continue in their present state, it will become necessary to erase "Rule, Britannia" from the list of our national songs. Following the Pierpont Morgan Combine comes the news that the much-ridiculed Thames "Fleet" of penny steamers has become, at all events for the present—an Irishism is, perhaps, pardonable under the "distressful" circumstances—a thing of the past. According to Mr. Arnold Hill, in whose hands the vessels last were, this result has been brought about by the County Council, "whose jealous antagonism has made the maintenance of the river steamboat service increasingly difficult." Personally, I am inclined to attribute the failure far more to the inefficiency of the service than to any machinations of the green-eyed monster. The boats are mostly of such ripe age that retirement was the only respectable course left open to them, and it is

to be feared that their disappearance will cause neither the stir nor the regret occasioned by the recent purchase of the ubiquitous American multi-millionaire.

It is stated in the Press that Sir Hugh MacDonell, G.C.M.G., is shortly retiring from his post of British Ambassador to Portugal, and that he will be succeeded by one of the high officials in the Foreign Office. I suppose the statement is correct, for Sir Hugh is now seventy years old; but he will be greatly missed in Lisbon, where he has done a great deal to improve the relations between this country and Portugal. He has been nearly ten years in office there, and went at a time when relations between Lisbon and London were severely strained by developments in Africa. His great tact, perfect *savoir-faire*, and ceaseless endeavour have done a great deal to effect the happy change that the last decade has seen, and it must be matter for regret to the Ambassador that he will not be able to guide the important developments in the relations between the two countries that are well-nigh inevitable at the conclusion of the South African War. Sir Hugh MacDonell's diplomatic experience covers nearly half-a-century; he has served his country at Berlin, Rome, and Munich, and was Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Brazil and Denmark before he went to Lisbon.

*President Kruger's Newspaper.* It is an unmistakable sign of the times that the whole plant and stock-in-trade of ex-President Kruger's big newspaper, the *Standard and Diggers' News*, should be sold to a Company that will resume the publication "on Imperial lines." From small beginnings, this newspaper came to be one of the most influential organs in the Transvaal. It had its daily edition and weekly edition in Johannesburg, and two weekly editions were published in London, one for the City and one for the Colonies. The whole undertaking was heavily subsidised by President Kruger, whose interests were supported, but it is undeniable that the various editions were well done. During the first months of the War, the *Standard and Diggers' News* had Correspondents at "the Front," and was published up to the time when Lord Roberts held Johannesburg at his mercy.



THE RIGHT HON. R. J. SEDDON, PREMIER OF NEW ZEALAND.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.



A FLEET OF "HAVE BEENS": THE THAMES PENNY STEAMERS AT THEIR LAST, LONG ANCHORAGE.

Photograph by J. P. Coughlan.

SCENES FROM "THE LITTLE FRENCH MILLINER,"  
AT THE AVENUE THEATRE.



FELIX DEVEREUX (MR. LENNOX PAWLE) MAKES SURREPTITIOUS LOVE TO TRULY HATINGER (MISS MAUD HORSON).



AUGUSTUS (MR. ROBB HARWOOD) REVELS IN THE DEVOTION OF THE ADORING SNOWBALL (MISS RUTH BENSON).



BUT DOES NOT FIND HIS WIFE, MADAME CORALIE (MISS KATE PHILLIPS) SO TRACTABLE.



MARMADUKE COURTE (MR. EILLE NORWOOD) AND HARRY BRANDON (MR. BLAKISTON) DISCOVER THAT EACH IS WEARING THE OTHER'S COAT.

Photographs by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

*“Mr. Punch’s” Cot.* “Punch” is a name to conjure with where children are concerned, and, happily, this is also the case with the myriad readers of *Punch*, to whom the very word—not, of course, in its Pickwickian sense—calls up grateful memories of days when, while deplored the merry, hook-nosed gentleman’s sad treatment of his faithful wife and tiny babe, each and all felt overjoyed when he cheated



THE “MR. PUNCH” COT IN THE GREAT ORMOND STREET HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN.

*Photograph by Dando, Regent’s Park.*

the hangman. This, however, by the way. In presenting this picture of the “Mr. Punch” Cot, which has been established in the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children, one must recall the appeal of *Punch* on behalf of the children of London who have fallen on evil days, and, alas, in this great Metropolis their name is legion. “Mr. Punch’s” appeal met with a generous response of nearly seventeen thousand pounds, and, as a permanent record of invaluable aid given at an extremely critical period in the history of the Children’s Hospital, this Cot has been established and endowed. Its poor little occupants, one may hope, will derive some solace in their sufferings from the fact that they are the guests of “Mr. Punch.”

*Miss Phyllis Dare.* “Phil” is the name by which pretty little Phyllis Dare is almost invariably called by her comrades at the Vaudeville Theatre. Although a child of tender years, with probably many days of acting before her ere she reaches the dignity of her teens, she has had enough experience of the stage and its works to justify her being selected as one of Miss Ellaline Terriss’s understudies, though she has not yet had the opportunity of playing the part. Her first part was at the Coronet, in “The Babes in the Wood,” in which she played Dorothy. This was followed by Christina, in “Ib and Little Christina,” with Mr. Martin Harvey, at the Prince of Wales’s, and then came another pantomime engagement as Little Red Riding Hood, at the Theatre Royal, Manchester. West-End audiences made her acquaintance in “The Wilderness,” for which she was specially selected for the little girl Marjorie, who, with her companion, furnished some of the most delightful moments in Mr. Esmond’s charming play. Mab is the character which she is playing in “Blue-bell,” and she plays it in such a way as to win the unmistakable approval of the audiences and to justify the hope she expresses with childish and delightful frankness that when she grows up she will be an actress.

*Miss Zena Dare.* Miss Zena Dare is the elder sister of Phyllis, but is not at present associated artistically with her little sister. Her special bias is undoubtedly dancing, and so great is her skill that a dance is invariably introduced for her into any production in which she is appearing. In “The Babes in the Wood,” at the Coronet, she appeared as a fairy; while in “Red Riding Hood,” at Manchester, she had a principal dancing part, as she also had in “The Seven Princesses,” at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh. Like her sister, she is a pretty girl, with a promise of greater beauty in the days to come.

*Fortunate Slough.* The inhabitants of Slough have indeed cause to feel gratified, for it is announced that their Majesties and the Royal Family will alight there and drive through the town on their way to the Garden Party at Windsor Castle on July 1. It is said that, with characteristic kindness, His Majesty has expressed the wish that the decoration of the line of route should not be of too costly a nature, as he would prefer the money being spent in entertaining the poor of the neighbourhood. Slough, too, has just been the recipient of a munificent gift from Mr. James Elliman, in the shape of a splendid Drill-hall and Club for the local Company of the 1st Bucks Volunteers. Exclusive of the freehold site, these have cost between seven and eight thousand pounds, and no similar body in the kingdom has such perfectly equipped and commodious quarters. Mr. and Mrs. Elliman have taken a keen personal interest in the matter, the Instructor’s quarters having been furnished by the latter. Mr. Elliman holds strong views on the necessity of encouraging the Volunteers as the only alternative to Conscription.

*Motors at Covent Garden.*

For variety in motor-cars an Exhibition may be desirable, but for certain quality and presumable utility the nightly gathering at the Opera is good enough. I have seen some of the most delightful motor-broughams imaginable, and their advantage over the ordinary pair- or single-horse brougham is obvious. There is no noise, no trouble, half the space is saved, and nothing could be smarter. Once or twice I have seen the motor-broughams indulging in little trial-runs in the quiet streets round Covent Garden while the opera has been in progress. One night last week, I think an amateur was taking his first lesson in steering. The brougham steered a decidedly erratic course, and seemed disposed at one moment to pursue me on to the pavement. At the eleventh hour, or later, it changed its mind and went to the other side of the road, in manner suggestive of inebriety. There ended the first lesson; the rightful driver took the car in hand, and it recovered its virtues almost as suddenly as it had lapsed from them. To see it an hour later in line with the rest was to be convinced that it had never had a lapse from the normal condition of dignity.

*“Ping-Pong.”* Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons have just published a beautifully printed little booklet in colours, entitled “Ping-Pong, as Seen by Louis Wain. Told by Clifton Bingham.” It need hardly be said that Mr. Wain sees the popular game from a cat’s point of view, and the verses contributed by Mr. Bingham neatly describe how Pusstown was, so to speak, set by the ears through the introduction of the game by Mrs. Tom, who brought it home from Newtown. In the end, the Pussies decide to leave Ping-Pong to “those for whom ‘twas first invented.” I must refer my readers to Mr. Wain’s delightful pictures and Mr. Bingham’s humorous verse for description of the catastrophes that brought about this wise decision, and content myself with the remark that children of all ages will be amused by the book.



MRS. BERNARD BEEKE, NOW PLAYING IN “STILL WATERS RUN DEEP,” AT WYNDHAM’S THEATRE.

*Photograph by Mendelssohn, Pembridge Crescent, W.*

## SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

*Death of Benjamin-Constant.* If ever a man died of a broken heart, that man was Benjamin-Constant (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). Till the age of fifty-three he had gone down life on a starlit stream, like Ruy Blas. Honours were crowded on him; his presence gave a cachet to a dinner; his visit to the loge of an artiste at a première was recorded in the theatrical chroniques. No man had a merrier smile, and none could approach him as a raconteur. He had the jest and facial expression of Coquelin, and his joke was always the best. Three years ago, his son André died, and with him died Constant. He became sad and taciturn. He no longer fraternised with old friends, and he brooded and brooded over his idol till he fell into a state of perpetual melancholia which he only faintly hid. His recreation became his work, and he threw his whole soul into everything he did. I remember talking to him over the portrait of Queen Victoria that had just been secured by *The Illustrated London News*. He regarded it as the work that would associate his name with the English that he loved so well, for he was Anglophile to the heart. He was nervous about the reproduction, and, as he paced up and down his studio in the Rue du Château, at Neuilly, he repeated, "I must examine every copy with a microscope before I sign it." Everyone knows, of course, how groundless were his fears. Queen Alexandra was Constant's favourite model, and, apart from business relations, he remembered Her Majesty's exquisite courtesy towards his beautiful wife. A visit to the mansion in the Rue Pigalle was invariably Queen Alexandra's first thought, and Madame Constant has told me of the quiet little tête-à-tête tea together, followed by a cab-drive to surprise Constant at his studio. The last time I saw him was at the Salon on Varnishing Day, when he was looking forward with expectancy to the scene in Westminster Abbey for the Coronation, where a nook had been reserved for himself and Madame Constant by order of the Queen. His death is a world-wide loss.

*Crawford and*

Madame Humbert becomes more and more

impossible to understand. I hear that she married the poetic, artistically inclined Frédéric Humbert under false pretences. He was only twenty and she gave herself as being eighteen. It was only when the Register came to be signed that it was discovered she was six years his senior. From that day his life was one of hopeless misery. If he said one single word, his father, Gustave Humbert, the above-reproach Master of the Seals, was associated with a dastardly swindle. If he remained silent, he was dragged deeper and deeper into a maelström of crime. Schotsmann, who claimed his two million francs, was murdered at Lille; a nephew who stood in the way of the heritage of the phantom fortune died mysteriously. From the joking point at the expense of the usurers, Paris is now wondering whether it is not face to face with a colossal swindle in which crime was a detail.

*Dress at Chantilly.* What I particularly noticed at Chantilly on the "Oaks" day was the marvellous automobile-dress creations for ladies. Hats hidden away under flowers and the size of an umbrella, that were erstwhile so great a feature, were conspicuous by their absence. From the top of the Grand Stand the *coup d'œil* was chilling. In the Paddock I saw nothing but ladies in long, loose Raglan coats, and, tell it not in Gath, with their hands in their pockets. The hats were invariably of the Amazon order. The dress for the present Grande Semaine is distinctly in advance of anything masculine Paris has seen before.

*Boers on 'Change.* The new play at the Porte St. Martin, "La Guerre d'Or," is peculiar. It purports to give in a series of tableaux the principal incidents in the Transvaal War. I pass over the scenes at Spion Kop and Paardeberg as being too trivial for notice. They are simply intended for the gallery, who are enthusiastic at

seeing that the Boer leaders—De Wet, Botha, &c.—were only mere instruments instructed by the French officers. The Stock Exchange Act is monumental. Sir Samuel Stewart, the proprietor of a morning journal, "bulls" and "bears" at his pleasure, except when a scarecrow individual described as the Financial Editor of the *Times* whispers in his ear. Those of the House who ever see this extraordinary scene will consider it time to consult a specialist in lunacy. Jean Coquelin as Cronjé was good, but Madame Tessandrier was infinitely too theatrical as his wife.

*A Great Impresario.* The death of Max Dorval removes a prominent figure in European theatrical circles. Dorval persisted in automobiling, although accident after accident had warned him of its dangers in inexperienced hands. In a very brief space of time he made a colossal fortune as the impresario for Jane Hading, Réjane, Jean Coquelin, and Granier. After the Italian-Abyssinian War, when he acted as Special Correspondent for several journals, he

learned the business of impresario by taking round an itinérant circus from village to village. Many good stories are told of him. On the eve of piloting Réjane into Russia, he went to the Embassy to get his passport. The Secretary said, "But you are a Jew, and there are many formalities to be gone through." Dorval played on audacity. "You yourself are a Jew, Monsieur," he said. "Yes, but I have renounced Judaism." "Then so do I," said Dorval, and his passport was *visé*.

*The New "Lion."* All Paris is talking of Maeterlinck, whose "Manna Sanna" has been produced at the Nouveau Theatre. I saw in an English journal that Maeterlinck in appearance suggested Daudet and Shakspere. As a matter of fact, this delicately penned poet is an athlete of lion physique. His life, away from his study, is one long round of rowing, fencing, boxing, cycling, and horse-racing. He is the last man in the world for the spring poets to claim. While Rostand is never allowed by his wife to read adverse criticism, Maeterlinck hunts it out and enjoys it.

## THE "REISE-KAISER."

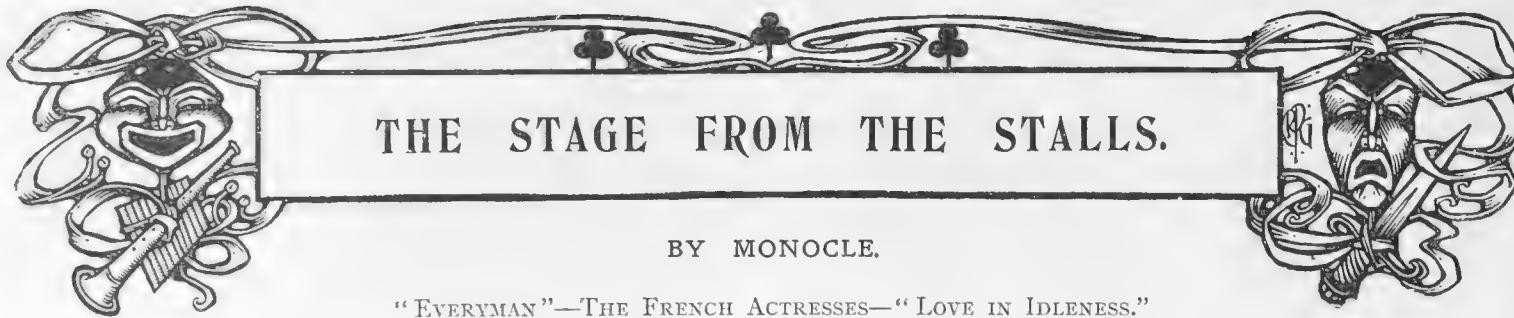
It is an old joke in Germany to call the present Emperor the "Reise-Kaiser," or Travelling Emperor, in contrast to his father, the "Weise," or Wise, and his grandfather, the "Greise," or Old Kaiser. But, though the joke be an old one, it remains none the less very true (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*). The German Emperor will be absent from Berlin and Potsdam practically the whole summer through. After his foreign visitors, the Persian Shah and the Crown Prince of Siam, have left Potsdam, the Emperor, with his wife, will repair on June 4 to Marienburg, in West Prussia, in order to be present at the old "Castle" function on the 5th. Immediately this event has been attended to, they both proceed to Cadenin, in East Prussia, where they will stay for a week. After that, they go to Nürnberg, where the so-called "Germanic Museum" will be opened in their presence. On the 16th, they proceed to Kiel to see the yacht-racing. The "Kieler Woche," or Kiel Week, is always greatly appreciated by His Majesty, who, as everyone knows, is an ardent yachtsman.

The Empress will then leave Kiel with her two youngest children and go to Wilhelmshöhe, whilst the Emperor goes on his usual Northern travels, first putting in a few days at Potsdam. Then comes the Autumn Parade, and after that the Kaiser will go to Rominten and thence to Hubertusstock. From these two places we shall doubtless receive the usual reports of wholesale *battues* of various kinds of game. The Kaiser is fond of visiting both, since there is always plenty of good sport obtainable. "But, if the Kaiser is away so long, how will all the business of the State be carried on?" ask the fault-finding Radicals and Socialists. They can rest quite assured on this point; the Emperor is perfectly capable of minding his own business and everyone else's into the bargain.



THE LATE BENJAMIN-CONSTANT, PAINTER OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" PORTRAIT OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.



"EVERYMAN"—THE FRENCH ACTRESSES—"LOVE IN IDLENESS."

THE playgoer has had plenty of variety in last week's novelties. During the same day he may have seen on the stage the Almighty (discreetly called "Adonai") and also "Zaza," simple, crude picture—or rather, daub—of a charmless, vulgar, illiterate creature of sensual passion; whilst "Ma Cousine," a curious study of Parisian life, offered a strong contrast to the pretty but too obviously artificial fairy-tale of "Love in Idleness," and into the bargain came the French original of "The Ironmaster" and the stage version of "Les Demi-Vierges." In all this the most moving and valuable matter was the "Everyman," revived for too short a time at the St. George's Hall. From any point of view, this quaint morality play is deeply interesting. As literature, it arouses curiosity, because of the mystery of its origin. Not only is the author's name unknown, but it is doubtful whether the English piece is the parent or the child of a Dutch work; its date is uncertain, yet it may be put back at least as far as the reign of Edward IV. As drama, and as a dramatic version of a religious romance, its form is strange and instructive; and as an appeal to the emotions it is irresistible. Without the assistance of great beauty in language or subtlety of idea, unaided by any trace of ingenuity, the simple story of the summoning of mankind—personified by the hero, Everyman—to make a reckoning to the Creator, of the pilgrimage to death, of the efforts to find companions and helpers, of the purification by penance and prayer, and final triumphant entry to the tomb, is deeply impressive, and at times tears present themselves coercively. That such matters are fit for the ordinary traffic of the stage I deny, but the piece is produced by Mr. Ben Greet and the Elizabethan Stage Society with such reverence and judgment as to be not only quite inoffensive, but even beautiful.

The fact that the players' names are not disclosed is a reason for avoiding criticism. Yet to ignore the performance of Miss Wynne Mattheson would be unjust. She has already done admirable work for Mr. Ben Greet, and playgoers will remember how successfully she took the leading part in "The Lackeys' Carnival" on an emergency. Nevertheless, her former work did not lead me to expect anything so remarkably good as her Everyman. It is arguable that the part should be played by a man, and, indeed, by one representing a middle-aged man, and the fact that until many years later than the birth of this drama boys played the women's parts can hardly be overlooked. Moreover, we have two or three actors, notably Mr. Forbes-Robertson, who could have done justice to the task, but I desire nothing better than what we had. Although in other plays the lady is womanly in the finest sense of the word, as Everyman she contrived to obliterate every suggestion of her sex. This alone is a rare achievement, and, off-hand, the only parallel case I remember is that of Miss Esmé Beringer as Romeo. Her beautiful voice was used admirably, her face was nobly expressive, her gestures were dignified and graceful, and she showed the supreme gift of commanding attention even when silent.

It is almost painful after this to turn to thoughts of "Zaza" and Réjane's remarkable if not truly artistic achievement. It seems a little rash to speak of her brilliant performance as inartistic. My contention is that players ought to work for the play and not for their own hands. Just as in football a team of unselfish players will beat one with two or three brilliant performers playing to the gallery, so on the stage a work will be better represented by a so-called Stock Company than on the "star" system. There are cases, no doubt, such as Dundreary in "Our American Cousin," where the play loses its primary importance and the accidental becomes the elemental. "Zaza" is hardly in point.

The really remarkable acting of Réjane is destructive of the piece. It is the actress's duty to render the piece plausible, to convince us that Zaza would captivate Bernard, and in this she failed wilfully. The actress is not so richly endowed with beauty that she has any to spare, and when she chooses to discount what she has, to appear in hideous dresses with a disorderly mop of hair, when she uses no art to dissimulate her age and makes her Zaza common in voice and vulgar in movement, we fail to believe that the man is captivated; we look at the woman and listen to her, and say that such a man as Dufresne could not have endured such a woman for more than twenty-four hours. The Zaza of the first Act might have tempted him into an act of infidelity to his wife; the Zaza of the second would have caused a revulsion of feeling leading to unmeritorious repentance, and so the play becomes incredible. It may be said that men of refinement sometimes remain for a long time fascinated by ugly, vulgar women; but possibility is no excuse for lack of plausibility. Truth may be stranger than fiction, but fiction should never be so strange as such

truth, nor touch the region lying between the limits of the probable and the limits of the possible. In novels one sometimes finds a foot-note giving reference to a scientific work as evidence that some improbable incident might have happened, but that sort of thing never produces belief. In stage matters one must be convinced by what is before one or not at all, and what was before us was quite unconvincing. She wilfully chose to present a Zaza quite conceivable and also quite out of the picture. Yet one pauses in criticism because the actual work is so remarkable in quality. I would sooner have seen a Duse performance of the part, because, although the Italian might have gone too far towards idealising the creature, she would have been truer to the scheme of the play. Yet, so far as I can judge, she could not have given such an amazingly skilful piece of acting. The Company supporting Réjane is of really respectable quality. The Bernard of M. Dubosc is quite excellent, though one may suggest that he was as much too gentleman-like in manner as Réjane too vulgar. Madame Daynes Grassot, the alcoholic mother of Zaza, was exceedingly clever and gave the only moments of laughter in the piece. By-the-bye, has the Censorship been abolished? I ask because it seems inconceivable that anyone can have passed the scene in the dressing-room as decent, in any sense of the word; certainly, I should not like to describe in print what was actually exhibited and also suggested to us. What a lively howl of indignation there would have been in the papers had this been in a Norwegian play!

Madame Jane Hading's work, of course, is of an entirely different character. It is impossible to imagine her as a Zaza; as impossible as to think of Réjane in the part of Juliet; or, taking English instances, Mr. Forbes-Robertson in the characters generally represented by Mr. Edmund Payne, or Mr. Payne as Othello. This, indeed, is said without any disparagement of Madame Hading or of the others, for, at the utmost, it merely suggests her unsuitability for a class of very undesirable plays. Yet, one may not pretend that ere Monday she has offered drama of very great value, unless, perhaps, our old friend "Frou-Frou." As politely as is compatible with the implied suggestion of the passage of youth, I may begin with an expression of surprise at the remarkable preservation of her beauty, a peculiarly great advantage in her case, because her development as artist has been rather slow. I can well remember when, with an unkindly touch, people expressed wonder that such a beautiful woman should take the trouble to try to act well. Now, one accepts her as a really valuable artist, not, indeed, as a creature of startling genius, but as a woman superbly rich in beauty and charm who has applied intelligence of no mean quality to the study of acting, with the result that she can give a performance of such high order as to make one forget that it lacks the moment of intensity or inspiration that a very few others might have given in a performance less admirable as a whole. In plain words, she is an actress more useful to drama than a Réjane. It is a paradox on which I fear to dwell too long that the stage gains little from the genius of extraordinary players, who can, and very often do, give life to very bad plays. The history of drama is full of instances of this temporary vitalising of rubbish.

The best plays are those of such quality that genius in acting is not necessary for adequate representation. Madame Hading's performances in "Le Maître de Forges" and "Maud" certainly justify her claim to be called a great actress, rich in technical skill and charm, and capable of differentiating very nicely two intensely different women. The result is real enjoyment to those interested in acting as a fine art, even if the plays, one rather empty and commonplace and the other full of matter one does not care to dwell upon, are somewhat depressing. Fortunately, it may be assumed that most of the audience do not fathom the meaning of "Les Demi-Vierges." It is a curious idea of art to imitate the poor gentlewoman who tried to sell oranges in the streets, but announced her wares inaudibly for fear lest anyone should hear her humiliation; yet it may be said that this happens in the case of "Maud."

"Love in Idleness," by Mr. Parker and Mr. Goodman, now a six-year-old play, has some prettiness and many strokes of quiet humour and some of agreeable wit, but certainly lacks vitality. It reminds one in style of "A Pair of Spectacles," which, however, happened to be a masterpiece. It is a relief to see it after a debauch of lurid drama, and, if not exactly exciting or thrilling, repays a visit to Terry's Theatre. Mr. Edward Terry's acting, though so strongly marked in manner and mannerism as to be marred by sameness, very well suits the character of the chief figure of a play which is, at least, a pleasing addition to our comparatively small number of light comedies.



MISS QUEENIE LEIGHTON, OF THE GAIETY.

*Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.*

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

*King Leopold and Madame Humbert—New Words—Saratoffski Dnevnik—Kruger the Cannibal—The Bishop and the Harriers—Three Golden Fleeces—“Handy Andy” Again—Boat-racing: by a Lady.*

THE King of the Belgians is the Haroun al Raschid of modern times, for he has more adventures than any other Sovereign of our day. When he left France a few days ago, his yacht, the *Alberta*, was instructed to wait at Dieppe with steam up for his arrival from Paris. A short time before the train reached the port, two mysterious men were seen to be keeping a careful eye on the yacht and its crew, and, when the King and his suite arrived, they dogged them on board. The officers of the *Alberta* were indignant at this invasion of their Sovereign's privacy, and then it came out that the two men were detectives on the watch for Madame Humbert. King Leopold was delighted, but, as he is sufficiently unlike the description of the fugitive to satisfy even a police-detective, there will be no international complications this time.

Madame Humbert has the honour of having added a new word to the French language, “le Humbertisme,” which means the most opposite of the characteristics of our own familiar “Juggins.” This year we have added two words of this kind to the English language. The latest is “to Morganise,” which means to buy up heaven and earth; and the other is “Goudieism,” or the science of betting by bank clerks.

It is officially announced, says a Reuter's telegram from St. Petersburg, that the Minister of the Interior has prohibited the publication of the newspaper *Saratoffski Dnevnik* for a period of two months. And quite right too. Fancy having to shout to the boy at Smithovitch's bookstall, “Hi! Paperoff! Give me the *Sara*—!” No, even the Russian folio must have its limitations. No wonder the Czar has the reputation of being a kindly and merciful man. His father would have squashed the *S.D.* for ever.

What chiefly strikes me about these very dull Education debates in the House of Commons is the ignorance displayed by members on both sides of the House. Dr. Leyds' Belgian papers know more than all our M.P.'s put together. Here is an extract from one of the veracious Doctor's pet journals, which purports to be an example of how history is taught in English Board Schools: “Kruger, before becoming a Psalm-singer, was a cannibal. He ate so many English that the Queen sent Roberts to bring back his heart. Kruger can repeat all the Bible by heart; he smokes all day long and never washes.” Now, I am perfectly certain that there is not one single Member of Parliament who knows in which of the publications blessed by Sir John Gorst this passage occurs.

The printer has often been made responsible for blunders which are hardly his by right, but here is a mistake which was obviously caused by a slip in transcribing shorthand notes on the part of the reporter. Bishop Welldon, speaking at Tonbridge School last week, said that when he was Headmaster of Harrow he was once described in a local paper as a Master of Harriers. Now that the Bishop is at Westminster, the ingenious reporter may perhaps put him down as M. F. H. of the Westmeath Hounds.

The King of Spain has presented that worthy old gentleman, M. Loubet, with the Order of the Golden Fleece, and the French, as becomes good Republicans, are boasting how exclusive the Order is. But there was formerly an Order which was even more exclusive.

It was the Order of the Three Golden Fleeces, and was intended by Napoleon I. to smother the older fleece under a greater quantity of wool. Only two persons were qualified to wear it, and they were the Great Treasurer and the Great Chancellor of the Empire. The wearer of the Three Fleeces must have been a relative of the ghost who appeared—

With three old hats  
A-kissing of Kasoozleum!

## “HANDY ANDY.”

“Andy, what's all that smell of burning?”

“Shure, it's just the curtains in yer honner's dressing-room.”

“What are you standing there for? Why didn't you throw water over them?”

“I just thrampled them out wid the mat. Shure, it was only hot wather I had in the jug!”

Happily the art of parody is not yet extinct. The *Isis* has a delightful burlesque description of a boat-race by a lady novelist, which deserves quotation—

“Start!” The word sounded clear from the mouth of the 'Varsity Captain of boats, and at once Ralph exerted the full force of his Herculean arms. His blade struck the water a full second before any other; the lad had started well. Nor did he flag as the race wore on; as the others tired, he seemed to grow more fresh, until at length, as the boats began to near the winning-post, his oar was dipping into the water nearly twice as often as any other. And now the

climax of the race was reached, and Ralph put forth his full strength; his oar clashed against those of “six” and “eight,” the water foamed where his rowlock kept striking it, the boat shot forward and slowly left St. Catharine's behind. Ralph had won the race!

To appreciate the full beauty of this, it should be stated that Ralph was rowing seven.

WADHAM PEACOCK.

## IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Whilst cordially thanking the many Contributors who have forwarded interesting photographs for his consideration, the Editor would urge upon such Contributors the necessity for ensuring ABSOLUTE ACCURACY in the matters of NAMES and DATES, which should be written clearly on the back of each portrait and view submitted.

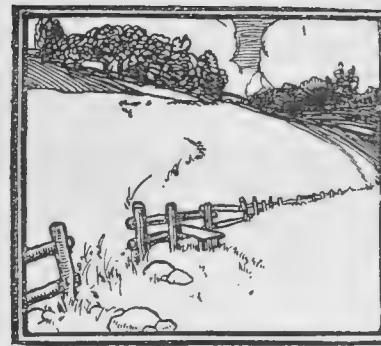


THE SPIRIT OF SUMMER.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

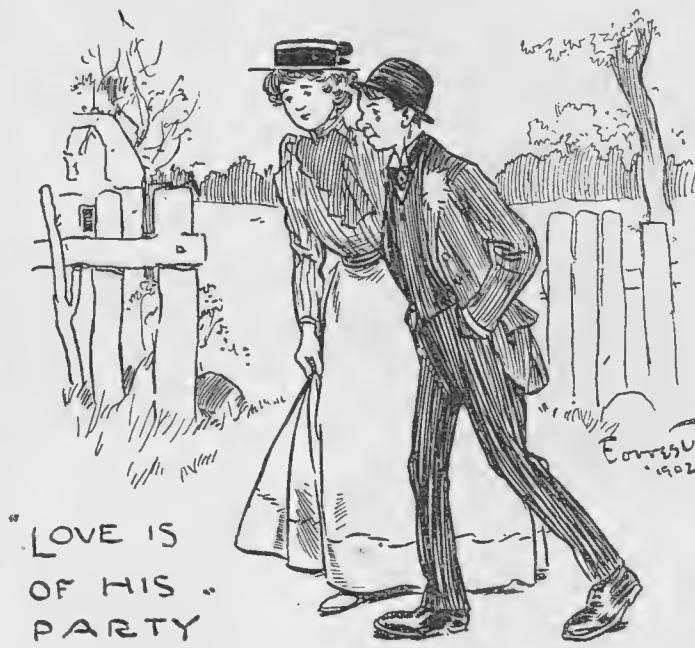


# LAZY LEAVES FROM: THE: DIARY OF: AN: IDLE: SUMMER.



### III.—THE SEASON OF COURTSHIP.

FOR six days out of a week Hodge labours in the fields; on the seventh day his occupation varies with his age. If he be newly in his teens, he leans against the hedge nearest his mother's cottage, straw in mouth and hands in pocket, conscious of the dignity of idleness. If he be married, he sits in the kitchen and watches his



wife accomplishing her duties; but if he be discreet of years and unattached withal, he seeks to toy with Amaryllis along the high-road. From my garden-side I watch him, a brave sight. He has donned his best clothes; they imprison his hands and feet and rob him of the small grace that pertained to his native slouch, but he is unconscious of the loss. His tie is green or red or blue, sometimes weighted down by a horseshoe pin; his hair, well watered, is plastered down over his forehead; his hat is pushed to the back of his head; like Darius of old, he chews grass. In his button-hole the brightest flower the garden yielded dies amid maiden-hair fern. Down the road he goes, Amaryllis by his side, and, though his eloquence is of the silent sort, she understands. I never hear him speak, unless the appearance of the local ale-house has prompted him to witticism; but he strolls along, fully conscious that time is his own and that Love is of his party.

All around us the male birds have assumed their brightest plumage and are singing their sweetest songs; he is but imitating them, though the charms of his voice are not heard. Every lane has its lovers on Sundays; even the married folk are sometimes to be seen walking side-by-side, as though wishful to call back the days when they went courting. I thought I saw the very old man, my neighbour, looking wistfully at a couple of lovers on Sunday last. She had a red blouse and a magenta skirt; her swain had a blue tie and a big pink geranium in his button-hole. "Father William," I asked him, "how many years since you went a-courting?" "Nigh seventy," he replied, and went on to tell me that she was a worthless minx who spent all her wages on dress, and that the swain was seen drunk at the end of last harvest and again on Christmas Day.

I strolled down to the farm in the late afternoon, and the farmer's wife leaned over the garden gate. She is fifty in years, by her own showing, rather more in appearance, and seventeen at heart, thanks to the pennyworts of popular fiction that filter through to this quiet spot.

"Fine weather," she said, pleasantly, "an' the road's alive with folk a-coortin'. I've seen no fewer than four couples since dinner."

"Ah! Mrs. Webster," I said, "it is the time of year. You know the poet's lines—

"From evensong to daytime  
When April melts in May-time  
Love lengthens out his play-time . . . "

"I don't know as how I've heerd them lines," said Mrs. Webster; "but I do so love potry! Do you know the *Landshire County Chronicle*?

Well, every week there's nigh a column of lovely potry. I wrote 'em some myself some years ago, an' they wrote me a nice printed letter saying they'd 'a put it in but was short o' space."

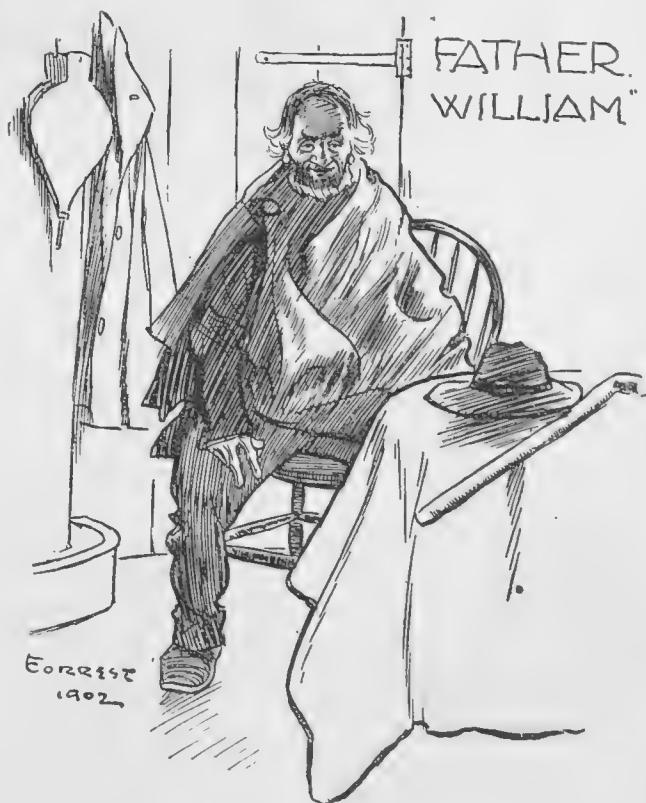
"That is very interesting," I said; "and the same thing has happened to me—not only with poetry."

"Really?" replied Mrs. Webster, sympathetically. "An' I dessay yours was quite good, too. My 'usband said he didn't understand potry, but he thought they was very pretty. I've got them in my desk, if you'll wait a minute."

"I'll come in one evening and you shall read them to me," I said—not too hurriedly, I hope—and the good soul was well content.

The fashions and failings of the capital spread without railways or means of easy communication. Girls from the neighbouring villages go to service in London and are responsible for the appearance of the popular penny fiction numbers, and for the blaze of primary colours that comes down the roads o' Sundays. Only a few days ago I heard the shepherd's boy trying to drag "The Honeysuckle and the Bee" from his mouth-organ. He did not remember the tune very well, and the effective range of the instrument was not great enough to render it under any circumstances, so the attempt was like the tune on the bagpipes recorded by W. S. Gilbert in the "Bab Ballad" that deals with McPherson Clonglockety Angus McClan.

Youth's pairing-time is late in this part of the country. The birds have hatched their young, the rye is cut, the grass-fields are bright with buttercups and daisies, before the villagers respond to the mood of the year. On the other hand, they prolong the season of courtship until the cuckoo and nightingale have taken their long flight to "the soft south whither their heart is set." The hay-crop will be gathered and the grain garnered before Sunday ceases to be sacred to the silent public courting, and, after harvest, if the Fates have not been unkind, there will be some processions to the ivy-covered church that has received many generations of Maychester folk, christening them as they entered Maychester, wedding them in their prime, and admitting them to the perfect peace of its garden when their work was done. The white-haired Vicar will unite some, at least, of the strollers past



my window: And then, I fear me, the swain will sit at his easel on Sunday while she cooks the dinner, unless he goes to the ale-house for the beer. Just now they do not think of these things. But Father William does, being a very old man.

S. L. BENSUSAN.

## MR. ARTHUR COLLINS,

THE MANAGING DIRECTOR AND LORD-HIGH-EVERYTHING-ELSE OF DRURY LANE THEATRE.

**D**URIOLANUS is the name Mr. Arthur Collins has inherited with the proud position at the head of one of the remaining few patent theatres of England. He wears the title as easily as the varied activities of his position sit on his shoulders.

Part-constructor of some of the dramatic annuals, co-inventor of the pantomimes, producer of the pieces, and general director of everything, his is the brain to which all the component parts of a Drury Lane production are brought to be woven into the fabric of success. Already he is busily engaged with Mr. Hickory Wood in inventing and writing the pantomime of "Mother Goose," which is to be produced on Boxing Night. Already he has had long consultative meetings with the heads of the different departments, yet the drama which will be produced in September is not finished, and he is in constant communication with Mr. Cecil Raleigh, the author of it.

Mr. Collins's heart-and-soul devotion to his work is the reason why everything he does succeeds. A suggestion of that devotion is shown on this page. In his bedroom, by the side of his bed, is a telephone, so that he may be summoned at any time in the event of an emergency. If Mr. Raleigh is working late at night, the picture of his "inspiration" is apt to be realised, as Mr. Collins is painfully aware. The relations of author and manager are of the most cordial, for they realise that their interest is one and the same.

In one of their early collaborations—the play was "The White Heather"—it will be remembered there was a great scene which represented a diver at the bottom of the sea. One of the effects was the representation of fish swimming about in the water. After it had been tried in private, Mr. Collins wanted Mr. Raleigh to see it. "Go in front," he said, "and don't say anything until you have seen the whole scene worked." Mr. Raleigh took a seat in the stalls, and the curtain went up. Everything went swimmingly until the fish had to appear. By an error of focussing, however, they appeared to be swimming not in the water but in the air. When the curtain came down, Mr. Collins, from the stage, called out, "Well, Cecil, what do you think of the scene?" "The scene is splendid, Arthur," he replied, "but your fish are too high."

In that same scene an amusing contretemps occurred, oddly enough, at the same rehearsal. Before the scene developed under the sea, a little boat was shown next to the smack, and a man was in the boat feeding out the pipe which supplied the diver with air as he descended. As he went down, the boat gradually rose, until at the end of the scene it was drawn up into the "grid," dozens of feet above the stage. The mechanism worked splendidly the first time, so, as it was the small hours of the morning, Mr. Collins decided to dismiss the rehearsal, and everybody went home. Unfortunately, however, the actor who was playing the part of the man who had to feed out the air-pipe was forgotten. He sat in his boat, waiting to be lowered. The minutes went by, extending themselves into quarters and half-hours, and at last, when the dawn was tinging even the unromantic surroundings of the theatre with a touch of poetry, the watchman going his rounds heard a voice pathetically pleading from above, "Can I come down?" That unfortunate actor had been under the impression that the rehearsal was still going on.

Mr. Collins has within the last few days had the supreme satisfaction of hearing that his last year's pantomime, "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast," has beaten all the theatrical records that have ever existed in New York. It has even overtopped by an average of two hundred pounds a-week the phenomenal success of "Ben-Hur," till then the greatest success New York had seen. The pantomime has had a run of a quarter as long again, for, while "Ben-Hur" was played for twenty-four weeks, "The Sleeping Beauty" has been acted

continuously for thirty. Before the latter was produced, the American standard of merit was "The Black Crook"; but since then nothing has been heard of it, for a new standard has been made, and, as Mr. Collins has been heard to remark, "If the Americans won't yield to us in anything else, they have had to acknowledge that we have broken the record in their own theatres."

It was just about this time last year that Mr. Collins was returning from the United States, where he put in as active a ten weeks as has probably ever fallen to the lot of a theatrical manager. His visit was primarily to produce "The Price of Peace," to place "Beauty and the Beast," and to arrange for the Drury Lane production of "Ben-Hur." While he was there, he bought two plays, "The Climbers" and "The Palace of the King," and there he wooed and won the lady who is now Mrs. Arthur Collins.

With Mrs. Collins, Mr. Collins delights to go motoring whenever he can find the time. The other day, they started to go to Bexhill. They took with them, as driver, a youth who had the highest credentials. Unhappily, his knowledge was not as high as the credentials. He knew literally nothing about the motor-car. They

started at two o'clock and got to Tunbridge. About eight miles from that town the car stopped. Persuasions, entreaties, commands, interference with its engineering anatomy, were all tried in turn. The machine was inexorable; it refused to budge. The youth with the highest credentials stood helpless by. Night came on, and still they were stuck in the road. The stars came out and the stars went in. At last, in the glimmering dawn, there came the "clip-clop" of horses' hoofs and the rumbling of wheels in the distance. A mail-cart drove up. Although it is a rule of the service that mail-carts may not take passengers, the driver had compassion on the benighted travellers and took them into Battle. The boy with the highest credentials was left to guard the machine,

and next day he arrived with it at Bexhill, having got someone to tow it in. The humour of the situation came in when it was found that there was really little or nothing the matter with the machine, for Mr. and Mrs. Collins drove back in it to town, though the youth with the highest credentials returned by train.

In his leisure indoors, Mr. Collins devotes himself to painting, and nearly all the scenery of the plays owes its inception to his skill. Perhaps because of that skill, he is a difficult man to please, and has had as many as four models made for a single scene, because the artist would not interpret the sketches which were given to him. Such an occurrence, however, is rare, for the scenic artists invariably remember Mr. Collins's artistic gifts and recognise the value of his views.

One or two scenic artists, however, have had views of their own. On a certain occasion the exigencies of the scene demanded that there should be a cottage on one side of the stage. The artist, however, introduced a field instead. Another made a model of a scene with an inn. Mr. Collins did not like it, so a second model was made. "Now," said he, "if you take the inn out of the first model and put it into the second, you will have exactly what I want." The artist shook his head and said it was impossible. "Why impossible?" asked Mr. Collins. "Because the architecture of the first inn would be quite wrong for the second scene," he replied. "Then, if the scene required that there should be a modern fire-station, painted red, in an old village, and its architecture would not go with the surroundings, would you refuse to paint it?" asked the Manager. "Certainly I would," said the artist. "You could not have my scene if you wanted a fire-station." It was a bold attitude to take. It would not, however, be safe to bet that Mr. Collins did not get his way even with that scene-painter, for getting his own way is a little way he has.



THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN CECIL RALEIGH GETS AN INSPIRATION ABOUT THE NEW AUTUMN DRAMA AT 4 A.M.

(N.B.—Mr. Collins's hair is nice and smooth even when he is in bed.)

## "THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

XII.—MR. ARTHUR COLLINS



"THIS IS 'THE FIRST THING THAT CATCHES THE EYE OF THE INTERVIEWER.' I PAINTED IT."



"I ALSO PERPETRATED THESE RIVER STUDIES."



"YES. MY ARTISTIC BENT COMES IN VERY HANDY FOR SKETCHING OUT SCENES."



"WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY THEATRICAL CELEBRITIES GALLERY?"



"SOME OF MY PRESENTATIONS. THE LATE QUEEN VICTORIA GAVE ME THIS CIGARETTE-CASE."



"MUSICAL? RATHER. I PLAY THE PIANOTIST LIKE AN ANGEL."



"HERE IS MRS. COLLINS, YOU SEE, PATIENTLY WAITING FOR YOU TO GO—"



"—SO THAT SHE MAY HELP ME INTO MY MOTOR KIT—"



"—AND START ME OFF TO BRIGHTON— INCOG."

## BEAUTIFUL HOMES AND THEIR OWNERS.

## VI.—LISMORE CASTLE.

LISMORE CASTLE is one of the most beautifully situated of the many picturesque strongholds for which Ireland is justly famed. The mass of fine castellated building stands well above the Blackwater, for the Castle is situated on a steep rock rising perpendicularly from the river. So sheer is the fall from some of the higher windows that, according to local tradition, James II., though at one time a sailor, started back in terror when suddenly conducted to an opening from which he was to take a view of the surrounding country.

The Irish home of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, and, if report speaks truly, one of their favourites among their six splendid dwelling-houses, is full of most interesting historical associations. The Castle, ancient as it is, stands on the site of two former buildings, the first a monastery, the second a fortress built by King John about the year 1200. Not only the Castle, but the whole neighbourhood is full of memories of Raleigh and of Spenser. The estate at one time actually belonged to Sir Walter Raleigh and was sold by him to the Earl of Cork, and it was in the lovely gardens where the Duchess of Devonshire now loves to walk that Raleigh planted the first potato and that Spenser is believed to have written much of the "Faërie Queene."

Lismore was once a very prosperous place; now, fishermen mostly wend their way hither, for the Blackwater is justly famed for its marvellous salmon-fishing. The Castle stands just beyond the pretty little town which has so warm a friend in the Duke of Devonshire. The quaint gateway of grey stone is locally known as the "Riding House," for it was built to accommodate two knights who kept guard night and day when Lismore Castle was a fortress famed for its powers of defying the foes of its owner. A straight avenue, lined on either side by tall trees and flanked by stone walls, leads to the Castle, which is built round a noble courtyard, the mass of building being broken at intervals by three embattled towers. Old as is the Castle, much has naturally been done to improve and modernise the living-rooms in which the Duke and Duchess and their guests spend most of their time, particularly delightful being the entrance-hall, which also serves as a billiard-room. Here is carefully preserved the crosier of the Bishop of Lismore who flourished about the thirteenth century. This priceless relic, in itself a work of art, was built up, together with the famous "Book of Lismore," in the Castle wall, and was discovered only comparatively lately.

A stone staircase leads from the entrance-hall to the first-floor, and overlooking it is a fine painting of the fourth Earl of Cork and of his daughters, the eldest of whom married the Duke of Devonshire of her day, and brought Lismore, a noble heritage, to the Cavendish family.

The great Banqueting Hall was formerly a chapel and is one of the finest living-rooms in the kingdom. It has a pointed Gothic roof of oak, and the two great windows are filled in with stained glass, the one containing the heraldic arms of the Boyles and Cavendishes, while the other shows St. George and St. Patrick linked together by the arms of Great Britain. Over the chimney-piece, which is of white marble, runs, in old Irish, the charming phrase, "A hundred thousands welcomes!"

The Banqueting Hall is naturally only used when the Duchess of Devonshire is entertaining an exceptionally large house-party; as a

rule, their Graces and their guests dine in a smaller apartment, hung with some good old Italian pictures and containing a very valuable portrait of the famous Irish philosopher, Robert Boyle, a son of the great Earl of Cork.

The two drawing-rooms have a wonderfully beautiful outlook, the views from the great bay-window of the larger drawing-room being, perhaps, the finest in Ireland. From this window the lovely valley of the Blackwater is seen lying, as it were, spread out at the foot of the Castle, while far away stretch the Blue Mountains celebrated in Irish song and poesy. The beautiful taste of the Duchess is very observable in those rooms specially given over to her use, but she has allowed them to retain as much as possible their old-world charm and peculiar character.

Lismore Castle is surrounded by a very fine park, thickly wooded, and studded at one point with a yew avenue which resembles to quite a curious degree the famous Yew Walk which is one of the glories of Haddon Hall. The avenue at Lismore is nearly two hundred feet long, and at the end of it, through an archway formed by the branches interlaced overhead, is framed the wonderful landscape lying beyond.

Lismore, as already stated, became the property of the Dukes of Devonshire through Lady Charlotte Boyle, the daughter and heiress of the fourth Earl of Cork, and, although the Cavendish family are in no sense Irish, they have always been warmly attached to their Irish home. The late ill-fated Lord Frederick Cavendish was devoted to Lismore and to the neighbourhood, and there was something very noble and touching in the action of the present Duke, who, in spite of the fate of his much-loved brother, which might well have made the very name of Ireland hateful to him,

never omitted his annual visits to Lismore Castle. Few Irish landlords, and it may be said none of British birth, are so popular in Ireland as is the Duke in the neighbourhood of Waterford. Like his father before him, he has done all in his power to benefit and improve the lot of his poorer neighbours, and his tenants are indeed to be envied. To the pretty little town of Lismore, where so many noted fishermen have made a more or less long sojourn, the proximity of the Castle brings a full tide of prosperity, and it is probable that before the Coronation Year has come to an end their Majesties will pay a visit to the historic Irish home of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire.

Frogmore House seems likely to be a much more cheerful place in the future than it has been in the past, for the nursery of the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales has been transferred thither from Sandringham, and even when their Royal Highnesses and their children have migrated to Osborne for the hot-weather season, it is considered more than probable that Frogmore will still be used, since it is said that Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark may occupy it for some part of the summer. A guard-room has been added to the place and a detachment of the Foot Guards regiment stationed at Windsor will occupy this when His Majesty or the Prince and Princess of Wales are in residence. A permanent telegraphic cable is also to be laid from Windsor Castle and the Post Office to Frogmore House, in place of the temporary one which has been in use for some time.



LISMORE CASTLE, THE IRISH SEAT OF THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

Photograph by Poole, Waterford.

## BEAUTIFUL BRITISH HOMES.



LISMORE CASTLE: THE OLD ENTRANCE-GATE.



LISMORE CASTLE: A VIEW FROM THE RIVER BLACKWATER.

*Photographs by Pool, Waterford.*

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MR. HALL CAINE is hard at work at his dramatisation of "The Eternal City." I understand that the story is to be a good deal altered, and shall be particularly interested to see what Mr. Hall Caine will make of the figure of the Pope in the stage version of his novel. Mr. Hall Caine is at present much taken up with *Household Words*, which, under the direction of himself and his son, has proved an enormous success. He has made his plans, I believe, for his next novel, but has as yet not actually set to work upon it.

I have obtained some striking particulars with regard to the Booklovers' Library, the great American institution which, it is said, is shortly to be introduced into this country. The Booklovers' Library delivers over six million books a-year to the homes of its patrons. By means of what is known as the "Tabard Inn Library," it is placing ten thousand revolving bookcases in various shops throughout the country, which means a library with ten thousand branches. These bookcases hold from a hundred to a hundred and twenty books each, and the books are changed twice a-week from the central station. Members may exchange their books whenever and wherever they like at any Tabard Inn Library throughout the States. All that is necessary is a membership card of the Tabard Inn Library, which costs twelve shillings. This is a life membership and there are no annual fees. Every time a book is exchanged, however, there is a charge of five cents. These exchange tickets are sold at six for twenty-five cents (one shilling) or twenty-five for one dollar (four shillings). To make an exchange, the member has simply to place the book on the shelf and take down another and drop a ticket into a slot in the bookcase. The book can be carried anywhere and exchanged anywhere. A hundred thousand of the newest books have already been placed in these Tabard Inn bookcases, and each one is bound in special cloth cases.

The difference between the Booklovers'

Library and the Tabard Inn Library is that the Booklovers' has a limited membership of a hundred thousand, and its annual fees range from one pound to twenty pounds, while it permits members to place definite orders for books and delivers them at the homes of the subscribers; whereas the Tabard Inn Library has an unlimited membership at a fee of twelve shillings for life and charges for each exchange, its members making their own exchanges and having the choice only of books they find on the shelves. It is this Tabard Inn Library which, I believe, is to be introduced into this country. It will certainly be an interesting and striking experiment. Its effect upon the booksellers should be startling, for it is a deliberate attempt to introduce the book business into shops of chemists, drapers, and the like.

Mr. Murray will publish shortly an important work on the "Early Arts of England," by Professor Baldwin Brown, of Edinburgh University.

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne has just returned from America, where he has been most actively engaged in journalism for the past eighteen months. He has become an important figure in the world of yellow

newspapers, and his comments on current events, from the latest scandal to the latest novel, have been quite a feature of several of the most prominent journals.

I am beginning to think that, whenever a reader is tired of the inanity of the general run of current fiction in this country, he had best take up the first imported American novel that he can lay hands on. It is really remarkable how uniformly excellent are the stories of American life which have been produced during these last years by the young band of American writers. I do not refer, of course, to the pseudo-historical romance, which should be avoided at all costs unless you are suffering from an excessive exuberance of spirits; but if you will keep to the stories of the wild, strong, stirring life of the States as it is to-day, you will seldom be disappointed. I have been reading Mr. Stewart Edward White's "The Blazed Trail." Mr. White is the author of "The Westerners," a story of the making of an American mining-camp worthy, at least, to rank with Bret Harte's "The Luck of Roaring Camp." "The Blazed Trail" is, to my thinking, even a stronger book. I cannot imagine anyone reading this account of the

Lumberman's colossal fight against colossal odds with an even-beating pulse. There is throughout the book the force, the daring, the impetuosity, the terrific power, the unceasing alertness in face of a thousand emergencies, which are characteristic of America's best. There is something heroic in this picture of men who have "juggled with death as a child plays with a rubber balloon," of men who fear no man, "since Nature's most terrible forces of the flood have hurled a thousand weapons at them in vain." And there is, besides, in the book a knowledge of the working of a strong man's brain and heart, an insight into a strong man's character, which make Mr. White stand out from the rank-and-file of contemporary writers as a man who sees deep and sees clear.

It is stated that in the new edition of "The Silver Domino," which Messrs. Lamley and Co. are to issue immediately, the author's identity is to be half-revealed. At any rate, it will be proved clearly enough that the old notion that "The Silver Domino" was the product of a certain very popular lady

novelist is incorrect. Over thirty editions of "The Silver Domino" have been issued, and the new and revised edition will contain much added matter in the form of comments on events that have occurred since the appearance of the last issue.

The new series of "English Men of Letters," the first volumes of which Messrs. Macmillan are to issue very shortly, will differ in form from the old, as they are to be bound in red cloth with flat back and gilt tops. The thirty-nine volumes of the old series are to be re-issued in the style of the new issue.

The new India-paper edition of Carlyle which Messrs. Chapman and Hall are publishing immediately is to be known as "The Edinburgh Edition." During the last three years Messrs. Chapman and Hall have sold on an average thirty thousand Carlyle volumes.

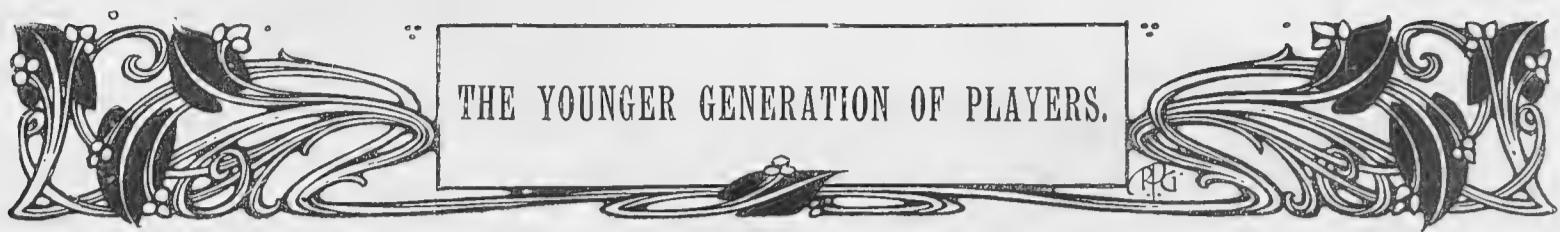
Just before his death, Mr. Bret Harte finished his new series of Condensed Novels, which contained some of his excellent parodies of the work of Kipling, Conan Doyle, &c. The volume will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Chatto and Windus.

Q. O.



THE PLAYWRIGHT.

Drawn by Louis Wain.



MISS GERTIE MILLAR.

THE CLEVER LITTLE GAIETY GIRL WHO SINGS "KEEP OFF THE GRASS" IN "THE TOREADOR."

## THE YOUNGER GENERATION OF PLAYERS.



MISS PHYLLIS DARE,

ONE OF THE UNDERSTUDIES TO MISS ELLALINE TERRISS IN "BLUE-BELL" AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

(SEE "SMALL TALK.")

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.

## THE YOUNGER GENERATION OF PLAYERS.



MISS ZENA DARE,

WHO HAS DESERTED THE STAGE FOR A TIME TO COMPLETE HER SCHOOL EDUCATION.

(SEE "SMALL TALK.")

*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.*

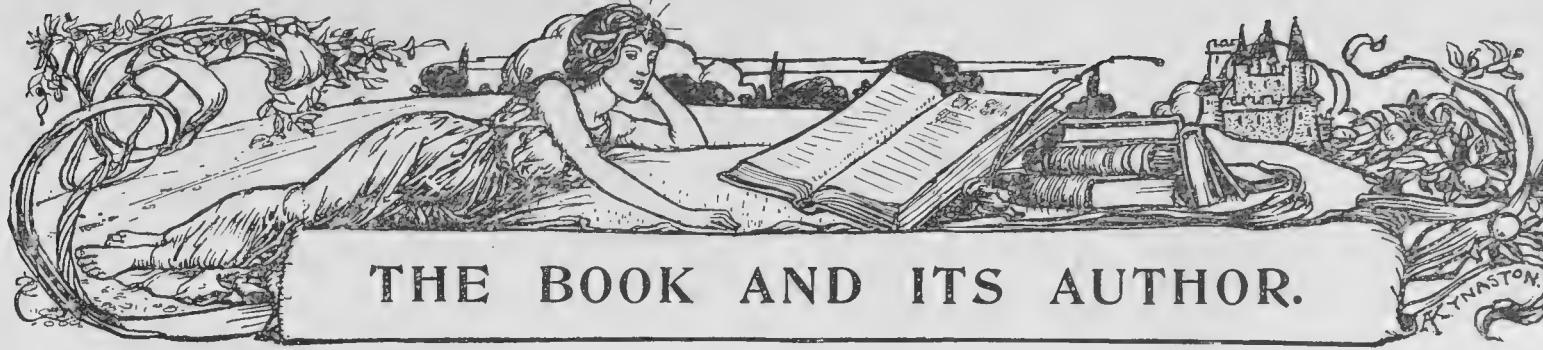
## THE YOUNGER GENERATION OF PLAYERS.



MR. HENRY AINLEY AS PAOLO IN "PAOLO AND FRANCESCA,"

AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

*Photograph by Miss Lizzie Caswall Smith, Oxford Street, W.*



### "THE EMPIRE OF BUSINESS."

**A**N imposing and a handsome volume this—sumptuous is the word; its type, paper, binding—all are of great elegance; in a word, its "get-up" is worthy of its millionaire-author, Mr. Andrew Carnegie. The book itself consists of a number of striking addresses and articles all more or less connected with the absorbing business of money-making—what Mr. Carnegie styles, with some picturesqueness, "The Empire of Business" (published by Harper and Brothers), a subject on which he speaks with undoubted authority. The addresses were delivered at various times—the book opens with one that was delivered some seventeen years ago—to American audiences, and most of the articles have already appeared in American or English magazines and journals. A good deal Mr. Carnegie says is not in any case exactly new, but he has a remarkably pithy, forcible way of expressing himself even when dealing with the trite and the commonplace. You can see quite plainly from the manner in which he writes that he is a strenuous man—strong, determined, indomitable, confident, successful; he is never beset with doubts or misgivings; he goes straight ahead and he writes straight ahead.

The opening essay, originally delivered as an address to the students of the Curry Commercial College, Pittsburg, entitled "The Road to Business Success," is perhaps the most characteristic in the volume. In this talk to young men, Mr. Carnegie commences his remarks by telling them that it is well they should "begin at the beginning and occupy the most subordinate positions"—

Many of the leading business-men of Pittsburg had a serious responsibility thrust upon them at the very threshold of their career. They were introduced to the broom and spent the first hours of their business lives sweeping out the office. I notice we have janitors and janitresses now in offices, and our young men, unfortunately, miss that salutary branch of a business education. But, if by chance the professional sweeper is absent any morning, the boy who has the genius of the future partner in him will not hesitate to try his hand at the broom. The other day, a fond, fashionable mother in Michigan asked a young man whether he had ever seen a young lady sweep in a room so grandly as her *Priscilla*. He said, No, he never had, and the mother was gratified beyond measure; but then, said he, after a pause, "What I should like to see her do is to sweep out a room." It does not hurt the newest comer to sweep out the office, if necessary. I was one of those sweepers myself. . . .

In this address Mr. Carnegie tells his hearers to be ambitious. "My advice to you is, 'Aim high.' . . . Say each to yourself, 'My place is at the top.' Be king in your dreams." Next, he warns them of and off, so to speak, certain rocks that threaten shipwreck; the first is the "drinking of liquor," the second is speculation, the third is

the "habit of indorsing." Assuming them safe from these dangers, he tells them how to rise from subordinate positions to the highest.

I should like to quote, if space allowed, the passage in which Mr. Carnegie warns his readers against the false "axiom"—"Obey orders if you break owners." "Don't you do it," cries Mr. Carnegie; "this is no rule for you to follow." He observes, with truth, that there was never a great character who did not sometimes smash the routine regulations and make new ones for himself. In effect, he advises these business Nelsons, when the occasion presents itself, to put their blind eye to the telescope. "Our young partners in Carnegie Brothers have won their spurs by showing that we did not know half as well what was wanted as they did. Some of them have acted upon occasion with me as if they owned the firm, and I was but some airy New Yorker presuming to advise upon what I knew very little about." Use your brains, says Mr. Carnegie. "There is always a boom in brains" is one of the many pithy sentences in his book; here is another: "'Don't put all your eggs in one basket' is all wrong; I tell you, 'Put all your eggs in one basket, and then watch that basket.'"

Among the other articles are papers on "The A B C of Money," "The Interests of Capital and Labour," "How to Win Fortune," "The Bugaboo of Trusts," "Anglo-American Trade Relations," "Steel Manufacture in the United States," and "Railroads Past and Present." The last is particularly interesting, as it is to some extent autobiographical. "It is a matter of great satisfaction and some pride to me," he says, "that I began in the railroad service as telegraph operator and rose to the position of Superintendent of the Pittsburg Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad." In his article on Trusts, Mr. Carnegie declares that, so long as the doctrine of free competition is firmly held and the field kept open, no danger need be

feared from Combines of whatever kind. The paper on Anglo-American Trade Relations is chiefly noteworthy on account of such expressions as the following—

We may safely, I believe quite safely, assume that no question can even arise between the two nations but one people which will not be amicably settled, that no Government can ever exist in either land strong or wicked enough to resist the demand of the best of the people of both that the settlement of differences shall not be by the brutal arbitrament of the sword. The day has passed when English-speaking men will ever be called on to kill each other in battle. The sun is never again to shine upon such a spectacle. We have passed that stage and turned down the pages of that horrid story for ever.

So mote it be!

"The Empire of Business" belongs to the somewhat rare class of books that may literally repay perusal.

ROBERT MACHRAY.



MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE, AUTHOR OF "THE EMPIRE OF BUSINESS."

Photograph by Crooke, Edinburgh.

'DISLOYAL BATTERSEA: COUNCIL DECIDES AGAINST AN ADDRESS TO THE KING.'

—DAILY PAPER.



"WHAT CARE THESE ROARERS FOR THE NAME OF KING?"—THE TEMPEST, Act I., Scene 1.

DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY PHIL MAY.



## CROQUET AT SHEEN HOUSE CLUB.

A NOVEL  
IN  
A NUTSHELL.



## THE FOIL.

By ESTELLE BURNLEY.

Illustrated by M. Horsfall.

“ QUITE too charming offer, that of Sir William’s to lend you a mount for to-morrow! Did you accept it?” Mrs. Cunningham had inquired of her lovely daughter, as the two drove home from the County Ball.

“ Yes,” came the brief answer, and her mother needed no more. Her delicate euphemism, obviously, was understood, and the eligible Baronet’s proposal had again stopped short of the stage that would, so to speak, carry his entire stable with it. To infer that Mrs. Cunningham and the beautiful Beatrice were anxious at this protracted delay would be to reveal the primitive instincts of your own base-born nature.

These two were not connected, if remotely, with a great ducal house for nothing, though they did exist on an income too small to be mentioned, in a cottage of a size to match it on the outskirts of the town, and hang on to the amusements of the county by the skin of their aristocratic teeth.

No. As is the privilege of their class, they knew everything worth knowing without having learnt it, and so received Sir William’s advances, backed by a rent-roll of twenty thousand a-year and the finest place in the shire, with exquisite self-control. Did he advance, however, Sir William? There was the crux. That he admired Beatrice exceedingly no one could doubt, but his admiration remained, alas, quite dumb.

Indeed, he had one wretched failing, this Phoenix among Baronets, as yet under thirty and without a near relative in the world, to detract from his charms—he was shy, piteously, painfully shy. This was the harsher fate since he was fully aware—none better—of the many good reasons he had for self-assertion, and there was ever raging in his breast a dual warfare between the ideal of cool impertinence he set up for himself, as becoming in a young gentleman of his quality, and the blushing, stammering, halting oaf he in reality was.

And with no one did he show to less advantage than with Beatrice. In vain she danced and sang and rode and talked at him, having mastered all the graces as indispensable to blue blood that is not wholly undiluted; he gaped and raged only the more for being conscious that he looked a fool.

But on the night of the ball a strange thing had happened.

Mother and daughter had discovered a distant cousin in the person of a plain, insignificant girl, by name Gracie Leigh, one of a neighbouring clergyman’s family, brought to the dance in the wake of some of the minor gentry, and when, in acknowledgment of the claims of kinship, they had singled out the little thing and attached her to their party, behold the reward of virtue: she had chained Sir William to her side and made him talk! Of Beatrice, be it understood, or Mrs. Cunningham’s satisfaction would have been qualified; but, overhearing his sudden eloquence on the theme of her daughter’s charms, she realised that here was the very thing.

Miss Leigh should come to them on a visit and serve as a foil to her cousin. The latter, brilliant being, as was but natural, awed her suitor. He must be led, by gentle methods, to find himself at home and at his ease in the cottage. Miss Leigh should lead him thither; the rest would follow.

On the first hint of her plan to Beatrice, Mrs. Cunningham had found herself—such is the spiritual community in which some minds dwell—not only divined but forestalled. Gracie had received her invitation and was to arrive on the morrow.

She came.

It so fell out that she was in time to receive Sir William, who returned in advance of his party, and alone, from a day with the hounds that had proved poor fun for him.

The start had promised well. As arranged, Beatrice had ridden one of his hunters—he her escort—while Mrs. Cunningham drove to the meet, in a hired fly, it is true, but commanded by her with

an air that almost transformed George of the “Green Dragon” into a private coachman.

Now, if there were one thing Sir William could do, it was ride; like the famous character in *Punch*, he shone at the wrong end, and there was nothing in the least the matter with his legs. Clearly, then, the poor gentleman was the sport of the gods when he pitched head first, and at the very beginning of the run, into a miserable pool of dirty water, from whence, so soon as he could collect his wits, he enjoyed a fine view of his lady-love leading the field. Worse still, his

cob had managed to strain himself somehow, and, after a little muddling about, he was forced to turn his face sulkily homewards.

But he had counted without Gracie Leigh, and an hour later he was discovered by Mrs. Cunningham and her daughter in their drawing-room, a soothed and comforted and refreshed hunter, holding forth in the most spirited manner on his past exploits by flood and field to an attentive audience of one. The ladies were delighted. They had feared that, in his discomfiture, he would have betaken himself to his own domains, and the immediate success of their scheme left them in no doubt of its wisdom.

As to any possible rivalry between this radiant Diana of the Chase and the humble little mouse who was to lead her bear home for her, the idea was too absurd to be entertained—by a woman. For no experience can ever solve for the dear creatures the eternal mystery of their attractiveness to the sterner sex. They know with no more certainty than did Eve their mother where dwells the invincible charm, and in proof of this you may hear the daily question, on feminine lips, of what on earth “he” can see in “her”!

What “he” sees when he finds “her” really irresistible is simply this—a reverent adoration of his lordly self, and she wins in a canter, while her better-endowed sisters think to secure his affections by commanding his admiration to themselves. Guileless cherubs! No wonder they so often lose the race; but their blindness is a clear provision of Nature for the protection of the male. Were his weakness once laid bare to the enemy, there would not be an unmarried man under eighteen or over eighty left in the United Kingdom within six weeks.

And in this way did our two poor ladies make their destiny.

For Sir William came to the cottage—nay, he was soon domesticated there; but while Beatrice, believing victory nigh, glittered at him in undisguised triumph, he read in the demure Gracie’s eyes the humble but just appreciation of his own worth. For the first time, he was the conqueror and knew himself secretly loved.

Oh, how he thrilled at the discovery! How he played with and teased and dominated the timid little thing. He wasn’t shy with her; not he! She taught him what it is to be the master, not the slave (and a man will pay a pretty penny to learn that lesson), until his vanity, healed of its late deadly wounds, stretched itself in the sun and he could have purred for very pleasure.

Beatrice, anticipating her fate, might read the *Times* and discourse of politics till the tables and chairs could have pointed at her as the helpmeet by Providence ordained for a future county member’s comfort.

It was Gracie’s ignorance that gave Sir William his opportunity to expound the mysteries of statecraft in such a manner as aroused his gentle listener to positive enthusiasm and outspoken comment. How could he be so naughty as to leave such talent idle? He must go up to the House at once and help Lord Salisbury.

And Sir William, seeing how Beatrice failed to discover what was patent even to this simple girl, grew aware of a sense of irritation against the former.

It must not be supposed that Gracie was left in ignorance of the weighty issues at stake. The ladies, of course, were frankness itself with her. She was not for a moment left in doubt of the profound attachment in which Sir William held Miss Cunningham. According to these two, the matter was as good as settled, and Gracie was

encouraged to talk in complete unreserve of her dazzling cousin to Sir William, which, in all humility, she did, thereby, though none of them as yet guessed it, adding fuel to the growing flame.

For in the pictures that she drew shadowing forth to him the days to be, Beatrice, of necessity, filled the canvas. He was nowhere; it was inevitable. Beatrice, in white satin, at the head of his table—what a neck and shoulders for the family diamonds! Beatrice, a Cabinet Minister's wife, influencing the State by the exercise of her profound wisdom! Beatrice going to Court! The artless Gracie spared him nothing, and he saw himself a piteous accessory in the train of this shining vision.

It was too much! Who would choose to be Mrs. Rawdon Crawley's husband in preference to King Cophetua? Not Sir William, now that light had come to him. Gracie's eyes might be nondescript: they served him none the less well as a mirror in which, like Narcissus of old, to fall in love with his own image as therein reflected.

And so the crisis hastened on them. Sir William, becoming aware of its approach, took a holiday and ran up to town for a couple of days, a proceeding that greatly pleased the parties most interested in his movements, since they deduced therefrom, by what process of reasoning known to feminine logic it would be hard to say, that he had gone to buy the ring and make final plans as to settlements, and they felt the moment opportune, having no further use for her, to get rid of Gracie.

That didn't take long. With fond embraces and two old ball-dresses belonging to Beatrice (who could now afford to be generous) packed into her shabby little trunk, it and she were deposited at the station from which, twenty-four hours earlier, Sir William had taken his departure, and in the very nick of time to welcome him back.

For there he was!

It was snowing—an incident that may be held accountable for Mrs. Cunningham's neglect to speed the parting guest, she and her daughter choosing rather the cosy comfort of their fireside; but the superstitious will incline to other views.

For Sir William took Gracie's ticket for her, purchasing by the same occasion one for himself, and followed her into a first-class carriage, they two its sole occupants on this storm-tossed afternoon, as if it were the most natural thing in the world for him to do. Nor did Gracie appear to feel any surprise at his behaviour.

No; they simply chattered on, these two, their conversation of so absorbing a nature that when the little local train, after puffing and bumping its way (much disturbed by whirling snow-flakes that whitened windows and made of the surrounding country a blur) from one deserted station-platform to another, at last came to a dead stop, the pleasing discovery was forced upon them that Gracie's particular station had been left some five or six in the rear, and that, as sixteen miles of snow-covered country lay between them and her home, it might as well have been situated at the North Pole in so far as any hopes of reaching it that night were to be entertained. It was 8 p.m.

of the clock, and the next down-train left at 5 a.m. on the following morning!

A nice situation this to overtake a small person of no consequence whatever, and in the company of the most eligible bachelor of —shire. For everyone, of course, knew Sir William; and his adventure with poor Gracie would have travelled the county, gathering scandal as it flew, much quicker than she could had he not risen there and then to the occasion.

But he did rise, never to fall again. It was a local magnate of commanding mien who stepped out of that railway-carriage, the blushing Gracie tucked under his arm, and summoned the Station-master to his presence. Without a moment's loss of time, he introduced that functionary to the future Lady Motham and bespoke from him, on her behalf, the hospitality of his house and the protection of his wife. You may think if both were eagerly placed at Gracie's disposal and that young woman herself welcomed and made much of!

That she did not lose her head was, perhaps, due to Sir William's presence of mind, for, as for him, he took, metaphorically speaking, the centre of the stage, and has held it ever since.

If he had liked Gracie before for the soundness of her judgment and the discrimination of her taste, he loved her now for the opportunity she gave him of playing the knight-errant. For, needless to say, he remains to this hour firmly convinced that he married his wife out of regard for her menaced reputation, and paced the platform till daybreak (though he might just as well have sat out the night by the Station-master's parlour-fire) under the same heroic impulse.

But he sketched out what he thought an adequate programme, and spared himself not one jot of it, even to fetching the astounded Rector, Gracie's father, from his bed to bless his children at dawn on the following morning.

That they have lived happily ever afterwards, no one, surely, can need to be told.

Gracie, in her elevation, does not even triumph over Mrs. Cunningham and Beatrice, who reward her meekness of spirit by talking in hushed and tender tones of "poor" Sir William!

But "poor" Sir William loves his wife as a man alone loves the woman who makes him feel he is a fine fellow; and, if she but have the wit to really think him one, the laugh is on her side and she can afford to be generous with her cleverer sisters, who might, could they but lay the moral of this simple but veracious history to heart, learn from it much wisdom.

But it is the law of the Jungle that woman shall not know her strength, and, if you think for a moment, you will see why it must be so.

#### NOTE.

*The Sketch* is on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.



Beatrice, anticipating her fate might read the "Times" and discourse of politics.

"THE FOIL."



## VIII.—THE BADMINTON.

THE other week, I dealt of an hospitable Club; this week, I deal of another. It is an open question whether the Royal Thames Yacht Club or the Badminton dispenses the greatest good cheer. The "Wherry" politely declares in favour of its Piccadilly neighbour; the Badminton gives the palm to its friend in Albemarle Street. For myself, I should say that there is not a fig to choose between them, and my warning to the tyro is applicable to both.

The Badminton was established, I believe, for the encouragement of coaching and of other sports available to gentlemen of comfortable incomes. You will not, however, find a string of coaches invariably in front of 100, Piccadilly, but the Club boasts a four-horsed vehicle of its own, which is much in evidence on big race-days and is at once an object of envy and admiration to the butcher-boys of the neighbourhood and the City clerk as he rolls painfully officewards aboard the Putney 'bus. Still, if coaching be not the pursuit of each individual member of the Badminton, you will find that sport of some kind occupies the attention of many, and, if you sit with ears pricked of an evening, you shall hear blood-curdling accounts of famous "runs," discussions as to the endurance of hunting, and arguments having regard to the rearing of pheasants. The Badminton represents, in fact, a sort of *rus in urbe*, but with the accent on the *urbe*.

That is one side of the Badminton. But there is another. There are some members who never hunt, never shoot, never fish, and seldom leave London at all. And these are the chief frequenters of the Badminton. You will generally find them there late of an afternoon or night and, now and then, of an early morn. Like some of the members of the "Wherry," you may ask what they are doing in that gallery. If you ask themselves, they will be unable to give reply, nor have I ever found a solution to the problem unless it be that, being *rats de ville*, they have to snatch a sort of second-hand whiff of country air from the *rats de champs* who make but occasional appearances in their midst.

It is these *rats de ville* who make the Badminton the hospitable Club it is. You will always find them ready to entertain you in that delightfully cool hall that is one of the Club's chief glories, or up in the smoking-room by the window whence you may watch the Astors and the Pierpont-Morgans, and all those other trusty Yankees that America takes such pleasure in exporting, roll by in their victorias or buzz past in their motor-cars, the while you sip your "A.L.B." and puff your cigarette, and feel yourself, for once, as good as any of them. Or, if you want a game of billiards, there they are, ready to take you on and offer you wonderful odds in diminutive

coins against impossible shots. And if, by any mischance, you should happen to find your friend out, you have only to step in next-door, under the hospitable roof of Perkins, most grateful and comforting of physicians, and there you shall surely find your man. Blessed Perkins! The London streets echo with paens in your praise—you who revivify Metropolitan youth and "ready" cosmopolitan middle-age; you who with your effervescent pale-brown drinks have banished more headaches than even Sir Michael Hicks-Beach would care to count, have whitened the many-hued eye, cooled the parched tongue, and cheated His Majesty's Postmaster-General of countless sixpences in the shape of excusatory telegrams. Thrice Blessed Perkins! When you have passed away to the land where pick-me-ups are a negligible quantity, I shall be the first to subscribe to a monument to your memory. It shall take the form of a fountain from which shall ever pour, free gratis and for nothing, an endless stream of what you so euphoniously term "tonic." No wonder that the Badminton takes pride in your propinquity! No wonder that it is still an open question whether you are more glad to be 99, Piccadilly, than the Club is to be 100!

But, in my admiration for Perkins of blessed memory, I had almost forgotten the famous Badminton "A.L.B." Doubtless my readers will have marvelled at those letters representing a potion. Potation, did I write? Say, rather, nectar well worthy to be the pride and glory of a Club. Gentle, temperate reader, have you never sat in Badminton's halls of a sultry summer's morn after a last night's dance and sipped "A.L.B."? No? Then you have never tasted one of London's chief joys. You have missed much if you have never heard the ice chink against the silver-sided tankard, and buried your heated nose in a liquid that is at once comforting and refreshing, sweet and sharp, soothing and exhilarating. Alas, I cannot tell you of its component parts. Those remain secret, locked in the secretarial bosom. But a sporting friend assures me that "A.L.B." is own brother to a thing called "No. 1," made by one Pimm, famous, I believe, in E.C. districts, though I cannot but think that it must be only a poor relation. "A.L.B." is, indeed, the blessed St. Perkins' most deadly rival, so much so that he has had to recommend it—after a tonic. Most happy rivalry!

After its hall and its "A.L.B." the Badminton glories chiefly in its servants. In most Clubs the waiters tolerate one; in the Badminton they betray affection. They forgive your weaknesses and take pride in your strength. They know how much soda you would add to your whisky, and what port does you least harm after champagne. They have an intimate knowledge of your friendships, and it would be far easier for a rich man to reach Heaven than for your enemy to pass the porter's box. They play, in fact, Jonathan to your David, protecting and preserving, so far as in them lies, your frail self from the buffets of outrageous misfortune. Most of them have grown old in service, and the young ones' one ambition is to grow old too, and as quickly as possible, in the same condition.

But have I not said enough to convince you of the charms of the Badminton Club, of the hospitality of its members, and of the excellence of its arrangements? Or would you have me go on to tell you that, if there is one thing that the members cannot stand, it is "side," and that they have a ready way of showing their objection? And would you learn that most of the members are not only fellow-members of the same Club, but "pals" into the bargain, who put

friendship into practice and have got beyond the theory of sympathy? Surely, though, you have heard enough to convince you that the Badminton and its members form one of the most charming combinations in London!

And I belong to the Badminton.



A "BADMINTONIAN."

Drawn by Lewis Baumer.



MR. AND MRS. KENDAL, now in the last week of their engagement at the Grand Theatre, Fulham, are presenting what ought to be a very interesting drama to many of their multitudinous admirers. For be it noted that in this play, lately called "Conscience," but now re-named "Mrs. Hamilton's Silence,"

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal enact the characters of brother and sister. The said sister is a widow with a couple of grown-up sons. One of these sons has, under stress of dire temptation, burgled a certain safe and extracted therefrom a large sum of money. To make matters worse, the culprit has allowed another young fellow to be charged with and sentenced for the crime. In due course, Mrs. Hamilton learns the terrible truth of her son's guilt, and she, under stress of maternal yearning, even allows the innocent still to suffer for the guilty. It is at this point that the agonised mother becomes tortured by the ceaseless gnawing



A WELL-KNOWN ACTOR MADE UP AS LORD SALISBURY. WHO IS IT?

Photograph by Herman, Camberwell Green.

ing of that Inward Monitor after which the play was originally named, as several other plays have been.

It is anon shown that the Falsely Accused finds out how cruelly he has been deceived by All Concerned. But Love—ever a healer in these and other matters—soothes even this sufferer, and causes him to forgive all and sundry, while the hitherto silent Mrs. Hamilton's son goes out into the Great World intent on Repentance. And about time, too, one would think.

It should be noted that the present week is the only time for a good while to come when London playgoers can witness this new play. Mrs. Kendal must, as my readers have already been informed, start next Tuesday her engagement to act with Miss Ellen Terry and Mr. Beerbohm Tree in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," at Her Majesty's.

Miss Ellen Terry will, in the meantime, make her first appearance in London since her return from America at the Lyceum next Saturday afternoon, when she will play Portia to Sir Henry Irving's Shylock. Both these gifted favourites will repeat their respective fine impersonations of these characters on the two following Saturday afternoons.

Pending Mr. Tree's grand revival of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," he is giving at Her Majesty's a beautiful revival of "Twelfth Night," for eight nights only.

Mr. Tree's engagement of Mrs. Kendal and Miss Ellen Terry for his production of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" is a notable one in many ways, for the two great actresses have not played together since they appeared on the stage of the old Theatre Royal, Bristol, at the ages of seventeen and fifteen respectively. Bristol Theatre, students of the stage will remember, was in those days under the management of Mr. J. H. Chute, who had, perhaps, the most perfect Stock Company in England. "The theatre, within a very short period" (writes Mr. Edgar Pemberton in "Ellen Terry and her Sisters"), "could boast of such a constellation of names as Madge Robertson (Mrs. Kendal), Marie Wilton (Lady Bancroft), Henrietta Hodson (Mrs. Labouchere), Kate Bishop, Kate and Ellen Terry, George Melville, Arthur Stirling, George and William Rignold, W. H. Vernon, David James, Charles Coghlan, Arthur Wood, John Rouse, and J. F. Cathcart." It was there that Ellen Terry learnt to love Madge Robertson's singing.

Mr. Arthur Bourchier will withdraw Mr. Anthony Hope's bright political satire, "Pilkerton's Peerage," from the Garrick next Friday (the 6th inst.), and will, on Saturday night, by way of finishing up his season with proper *éclat*, give a one night's trial (for the present) of the new chess-titled comedy, "The Bishop's Move," written by

Mrs. Craigie ("John Oliver Hobbes") and Mr. Murray Carson. The performance is, I may remind you, in aid of Queen Alexandra's Fund for Soldiers and Sailors.

To-morrow (Thursday) evening, Mr. George Alexander will, by way of celebrating the hundredth performance of Mr. Stephen Phillips's tragedy, "Paolo and Francesca," give away handsomely bound copies of the play as souvenirs.

Mr. Ben Greet has once again started his deeply interesting and always picturesque pastoral plays in the lovely Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park. When it rains, you are taken into the Conservatory.

It is eight years since Madame Jane Hading last visited London, and an enthusiastic welcome awaited her on her reappearance at the Coronet Theatre on May 26 in "Le Maître de Forges." Madame Hading, naturally, has a predilection for this well-known play by Georges Ohnet, for it is the one in which she made her name. Yet it seems as if she is better suited to the types of "Frou-Frou" and "Maud" than to the rôle of a Claire de Beaulieu. Her line is distinctly modern—the *savoir-faire* of an experienced woman of the world was too evident in her acting and jarred with the conception of the *ingénue* of the first Act,—saddened, it is true, by her lover's defection, but indisputably the *jeune fille*. She was particularly good, however, in the scene after the wedding ceremony, when she realises that in a moment of wounded pride she has bartered her freedom.

Madame Hading is too given to repeat her gestures, in particular the pushing back of her hair from her forehead. This is effective enough once or twice, but its constant recurrence in moments of excitement becomes almost annoying. M. Marquet gave an excellent rendering of the character of Philippe Derblay, and a word of praise is due to M. J. Mondos for the quiet humour of his acting as Moulinet, the chocolate-manufacturer. In spite of the fact that May 26 was the first-night of another French actress, the theatre was well filled, and Princess Henry of Battenberg was among the audience.

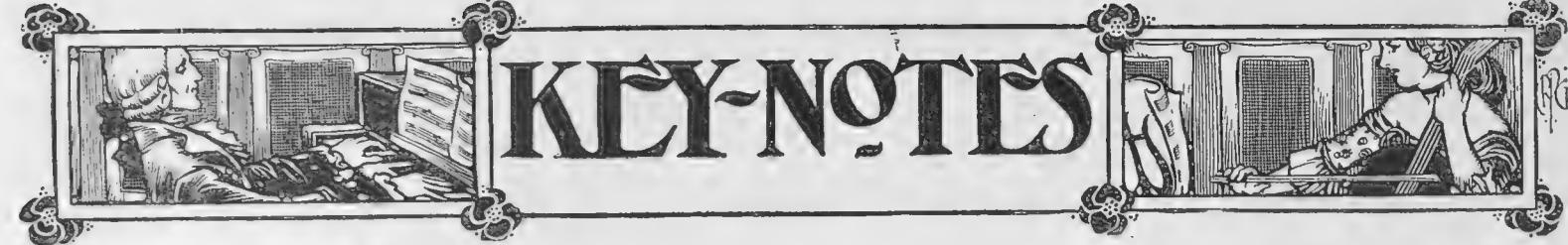
Mrs. Waller was rather fortunate in getting first innings at the "Zaza" game, seeing that we are in for too much "Zaza." Indeed, with "Zaza" at two theatres, "La Dame aux Camélias" in sight, and "Sapho"—such a painfully unclassical Sapho—triumphant at the Adelphi, we shall present a pretty picture to our Coronation visitors, who will wonder why virtuous heroines are so unfashionable on our stage. Whether or no virtue is less interesting than vice, I do not pretend to say, but it may, at least, be asserted that stage pictures of vice are rather fatiguing in their sameness, and, in most cases, their stupidity. Mrs. Waller's unsparing picture of the woman has its really strong passages and a valuable ring of sincerity. You may or may not quite understand her fascination of Dufresne—and the observation applies to Mrs. Waller's rivals in the part—but, as an



OLD THEATRE ROYAL, BRISTOL, WHERE MRS. KENDAL AND MISS ELLEN TERRY PLAYED TOGETHER YEARS AGO.

Photograph by Crocker, Bristol.

exhibition of passionate, undignified love, Mrs. Waller's work is quite noteworthy. One pities poor Mr. Boyne, compelled to take such a part as that of the lover, the despicable lover of this poor specimen of the *grandes amoureuses*; but it is almost needless to say that he does his work very well.



# KEY-NOTES

MR. DAVID BISPHAM has returned to England flushed with his Transatlantic triumphs; he has had a really huge success in America, where his finely dramatic capabilities and his sheer vocal intelligence have won him golden opinions. Mr. Bispham is distinctly to be ranked among the artists of brains. There are so many singers whose throats have been, as one may say, almost accidentally strung to fine issues, that it is delightful to note the careful and wary methods whereby Mr. Bispham makes the very most of his natural gifts. He is an artist of the rarest quality, for he has compelled all the forces of his nature to the fulfilment of art, and has determinedly carried out his ideal without any flinching and with a resolute determination that does him infinite credit.

Mr. Josef Hofmann, no longer a prodigy, has returned to England and has just given a pianoforte recital at the Queen's Hall. It is a little sad, nevertheless, to notice that Mr. Hofmann still belongs to the prodigy stage of life, in spite of the progress of time. In other words, he is lacking in distinction and in depth of emotion. He has facility and technical dexterity, but, where a boy may surprise and delight by the qualities, a young man may fall considerably short of the general expectation. His Chopin playing was scarcely distinguished by any touch of delicacy, and it was a little sad to note that he was quite at his very best in playing such brilliant nothings by Liszt as the arrangement of the "Soirée de Vienne" and other work in a similar vein. Mr. Hofmann's Chopin playing was altogether disappointingly dry; Chopin needs for perfect interpretation a temperament that can, at all events, sympathise with all that is most nervous and sensitive in human nature; Mr. Hofmann is matter-of-fact every inch of him. One could not help somewhat cruelly concluding that he would be an admirable exponent of a Polonaise written around the glories of roast beef.

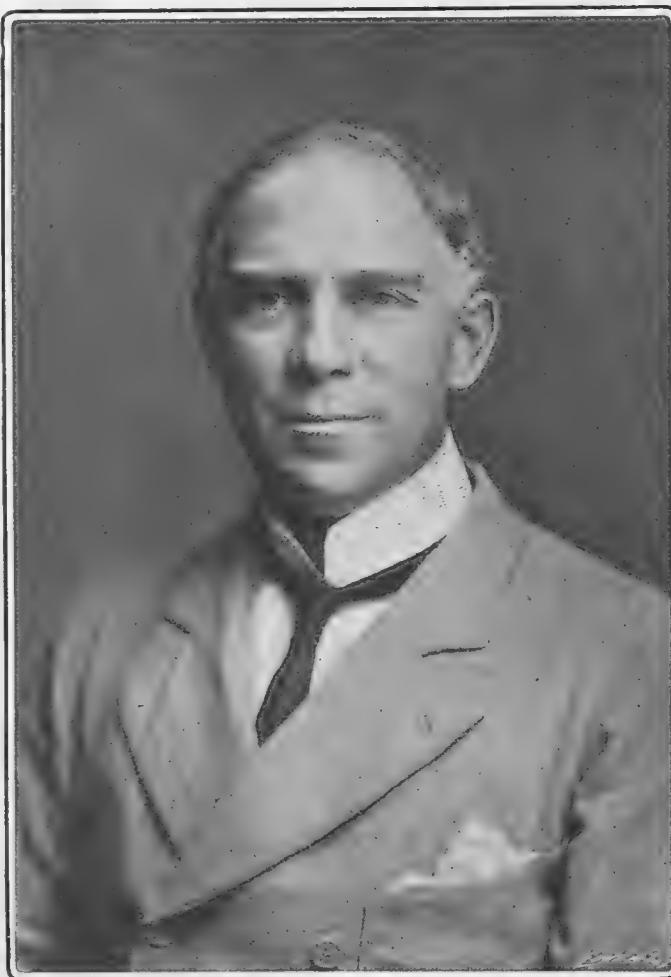
Madame Adelina Patti is surely the most amazing person of her generation. She gave a concert a few days ago at the Albert Hall in which she proved herself to be in many respects as fresh and as charming as she must have been any time this last twenty years. Her middle register is still distinguished by its beautifully liquid notes; it is only when necessity compels her to seek high soprano notes that one discovers that time has stolen something from her vocal accomplishment. She was assisted in her concert by Mr. Kennerley Rumford, Madame Clara Butt, and Mr. William Green. Mr. Green especially made a "hit" on this occasion. His pure tenor voice, always distinguished by the refinement of its quality, has considerably gained in volume and in power, and on this occasion his singing was wholly delightful.

There is always a considerable interest attaching to the doings of the Philharmonic Society, and the production of Dr. Frederic Cowen's Coronation March by the Philharmonic Orchestra on Thursday night proved once more, if further proof were needed, that in this composer we have a musician who is never content with anything common or mean, and whose accomplishment in everything he undertakes is distinguished by careful thought and by fine technique. At the same concert, Mr. Sapellnikoff played in Rachmaninoff's Concerto in C Minor for pianoforte and orchestra, and once more proved himself to be an accomplished and refined musician. There is nothing whatever but what is sincere and deeply felt about this musician's practical accomplishment; his distinction is undeniable, although his methods do not always lend themselves to the securing of a cheap popularity.

Philharmonic Concerts have, for purely historical reasons, an interest all their own. When one looks back upon the work accomplished by the Society, one is bound to respect its efforts with single-minded admiration. Nevertheless, the critic may be allowed occasionally to indulge in a crowded five minutes of glorious fault-finding—the "crowded hour of glorious life" will at once occur to every reader—and to declare that the Philharmonic Society can scarcely be said to move with the times. I have already spoken of Dr. Cowen; it remains to add that he is a most energetic conductor. He extracts every possible ounce of merit from the forces under his control; but the fact remains that, tradition notwithstanding, the Philharmonic Band does not shine with any very peculiar distinction.

Wagner Concerts are really getting to be quite a novelty in the land. When Mr. Robert Newman, assisted by Mr. Henry Wood, began to make a feature of Wagner, running him for all he was worth, complaint was universally made that we had too much of the one-man concert. Then Mr. Newman, well knowing his public, lay low. Tschaïkowsky was brought forward for the appreciation of his public, and for long that public went as sheep to a Russian slaughter. Then, when Tschaïkowsky palled, what must Mr. Newman do but double-back upon his Wagner? The concert given at Queen's Hall on Thursday last was entirely compounded (Urquhart's word is so often convenient) of that Master's work. The overture to "Die Meistersinger" was played magnificently. It is in broad and finely humorous work like this that Mr. Wood is at his best. He rejoices in the possibility of what in common parlance would be spoken of as a "stretching gesture." He likes nothing narrow, nothing compressed. In this sense, he is the most liberal conductor of one's acquaintance. There are other conductors who have more specialised distinction, but Mr. Wood retains his eminent place by reason of his breadth and wide inclusiveness in his outlook of all that is best in music.

COMMON CHORD.



MR. DAVID BISPHAM, THE CELEBRATED BARITONE.

*Photograph by Histed, Baker Street, W.*

## MINIATURE PAINTERS.

The quantity of highly elaborated and delicate workmanship that is to be found in the exhibition of the Society of Miniature Painters at the Modern Gallery is quite

astonishing. If the demand for miniatures grows, it is nothing to the increase of those who aspire to supply them. Of course, the artistic level is not uniformly high; in fact, it is given to few to seize the personality of a sitter and to render it forcibly. But pretty arrangements of colour and dainty technique are to be seen in plenty. I may specially direct attention to Sir L. Alma-Tadema's portrait of "Miss MacWhirter," admirable as it is both as a likeness and a colour arrangement, and surprising in its deftness of handling. Mr. MacWhirter himself has two little works representing flowers, and another Academician, Sir W. B. Richmond, the President of this Society, has a small seascape among the subject-pictures. There are, in fact, besides the portraits, several works that lend variety to the exhibition, though, no doubt, the chief function of the miniaturist is the portrayal of the human face, and in this Madame Chardon, though with only three examples, is again a prominent exhibitor. Mr. Tom Browne's "Young Hollanders" is a clever and amusing little picture; and Mrs. Wheelwright's portrait of Coquelin and Miss Stone's "Mrs. Patrick Campbell" will attract attention. I think, however, that Miss Smallfield has missed the likeness of "The late Tom Nickalls," a well-remembered figure on the Stock Exchange and among the Hunt Clubs of Surrey.

## THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

*A Coronation Celebration—Ourselves and the Foreigners—An Evening Ride—Night in the New Forest—The Multiplication of Shows—Letters from Abroad—The Damping of Tyres.*

Time to light up: Wednesday, June 4, 9.8; Thursday, 9.9; Friday, 9.9; Saturday, 9.10; Sunday, 9.11; Monday, 9.12; Tuesday, 9.13.

It is natural and proper that cyclists should take their share in the approaching Coronation festivities. This year, there will probably be a positive luxuriance of cycle parades. These are always pretty and popular, and, as the demonstration is usually for some charity, the pleased spectators contribute much more liberally than they would to kindly disposed but physically unprepossessing elderly damsels who appear with their collecting-books at every house-door.

One of the cycling papers recently suggested that a small way in which the Crowning of the King might be celebrated would be by the erection in each hamlet of a Coronation pillar or post, bearing the name of the place. Three years ago, I urged this should be done, though not in celebration of any particular event; but for the general convenience of cyclists. Every man who goes touring in an unfamiliar district is constantly worried finding out the names of the places he is

to let you have a key to get in. After supper, you can start off, riding at not more than eight miles an hour—for you must go gently if you are going to appreciate the quietness of the glades and the eeriness of the woods—and cover thirty or forty miles before getting back. Go over some route you may know well in full daylight, and the night-scene will then be more interesting than riding through a stretch of country with which you do not happen to be familiar.

I hear that four Motor Shows are in prospect. This is one of the best possible evidences how the new pastime has "caught on." One, next January, is to be under the auspices of the Stanley Club, and, if it is managed as well as the Cycle Show under their control, it will be a success. Personally, however, though I am delighted that the fact suggests good business, I am by no means an advocate of a multiplication of Shows. To my mind, one big Show, where you can see everything connected with the industry of cycle-manufacture, is far preferable to two, three, or half-a-dozen smaller and frequently rival Shows. The clashing of the National and the Stanley Shows each year arose chiefly out of jealousy. That is a small spirit, and I am glad to hear it is fading away and that the exhibitions in the autumn will not be held simultaneously, but that the National will take place a month before the Stanley, and that the rule that a maker exhibiting at one place must boycott the other is to be considerably relaxed. I have a glimmering of hope that one of these days we shall have one



MISS ETHEL SYDNEY, MISS VIOLET LLOYD, AND MISS MARIE STUDHOLME IN A "GLADIATOR" MOTOR-CAR.  
*Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.*

passing through. It is all right on a main road, but in a cross-country ride a man may easily slip by a place without being quite certain whether it is the village he desires to visit or merely an outlying cluster of cottages. I don't like frequently referring to how they often do things better abroad. But he would be an insular-minded person indeed who declined to learn anything from the foreigner. Generally speaking, the sign-boards are far more adequate than our own, and the practice of having the name on a board at each end of the hamlet is a distinct advantage.

Glance at the head of this column and see how late you may ride without being obliged to light up. Glorious though somewhat belated summer is with us, and, speaking personally, I must say that a quiet ride in the evening—after, perhaps, a day of hurry and scurry and business anxiety—is one of the most charming things imaginable. Two nights ago, I wasn't able to get out for a spin until close upon ten o'clock. It was deliciously fragrant, and, as I had no destination, except to get home when I was tired, I did a solitary dawdle through twenty miles of lanes, and returned feeling ten times better than when I set out.

Cyclists do not night-ride as much as they should. I have done plenty of it in my time, and still I find it full of charm. Have you ever ridden about the New Forest in moonlight? I have, and I can recommend it. You can easily arrange with the landlord of the inn

big Cycle Show only, under the control of a representative Committee of the "C.T.C." the "N.C.U." and other bodies, where the interests of the cyclist will be the first and not the secondary consideration.

Many are the letters I get from wheelmen in various parts of the world appreciative of this page. This week, I have had one from Japan, two from India, and two from South Africa, one of them being from an Army chaplain and the other from a young fellow who wants advice about riding from the Cape to Cairo. Also, of course, I get letters from folks nearer home. A Bradford gentleman recently sent me a curiously phrased cutting from some local paper, questioning the advice I gave recently that in hot weather it is advisable to occasionally run a damp sponge round one's tyres. A man who doesn't know anything about riding in hot countries and is ignorant of the nature of rubber would, naturally enough, imagine that an unwise thing to do. Experience, however, is preferable to ignorance, and, if you ask any returned Anglo-Indian where he kept his bicycle in India, he will probably inform you that it was in the coolest of outhouses and that he always sponged his tyres on returning from a ride. What is good for India is equally good for England, though, of course, the heat cannot be compared. I fancy that, apart from cuts, my tyres last as long as those of anybody, and I largely attribute the sustained excellence of them to the fact that I never, when resting, allow them to remain in the scorching sun, and, if the day is particularly warm, I wind up the ride by giving them a slight damping.

J. F. F.

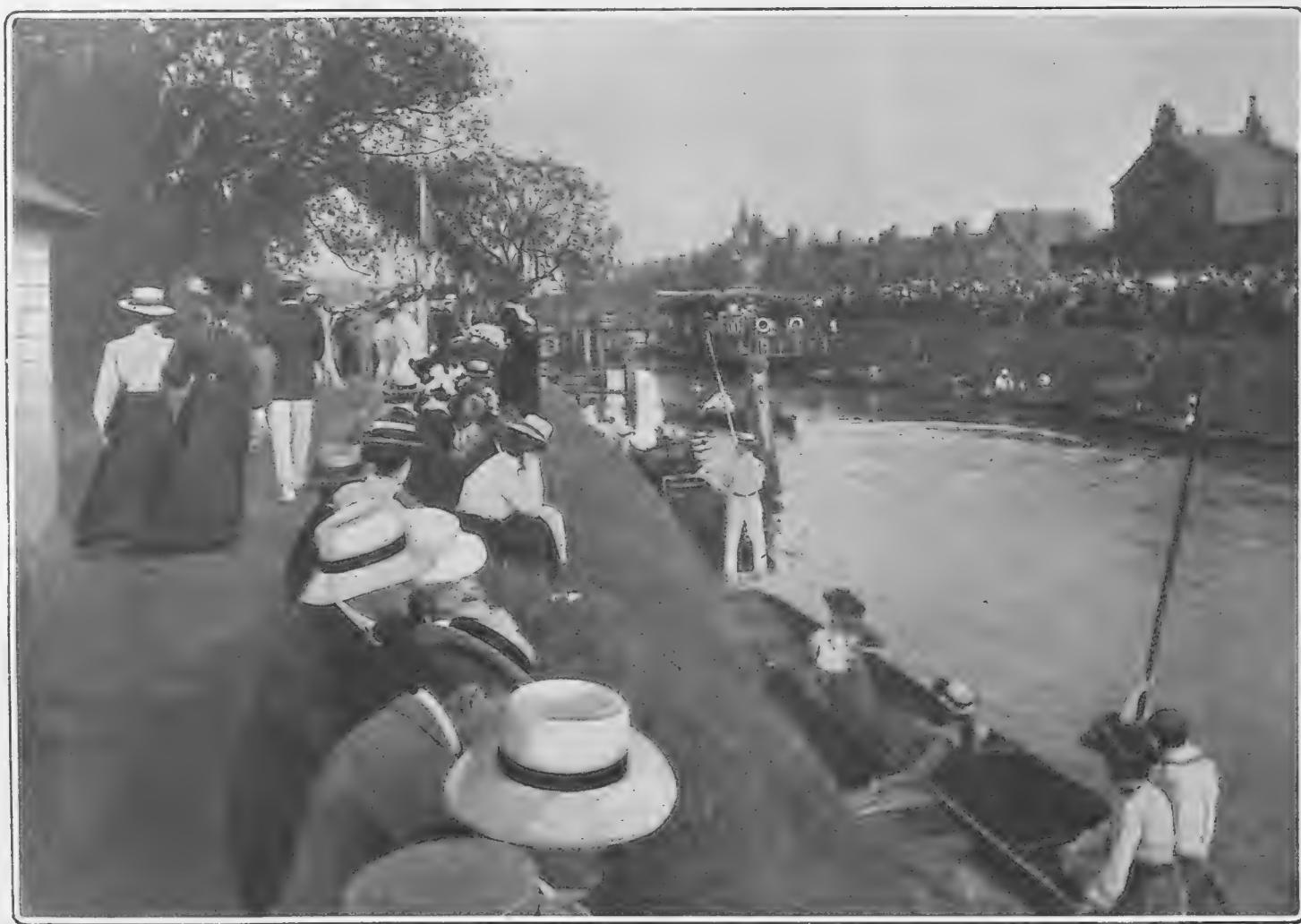
## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## RACING NOTES.

*The Derby.* There is only one race of an international character—I mean, a race that takes hold of the whole world. That race is the Epsom Derby. Anyone who has travelled the world over need not be told how anxiously the news of the winner will be awaited in all parts of the globe, and it would be difficult to discover a single habitable place on the whole of the earth without its "Derby Sweep." The race this year will command more than usual attention, because the King and Queen of England are to be present. The Royal box and apartments are splendidly appointed for the reception of their Majesties, who will, I am sure, meet with a right royal greeting from their loyal subjects when they make their appearance in the front of the Royal tier. I predict a biggest attendance on record if the weather is favourable, as the people dearly love to have a peep at Royalty on a racecourse. At the same time, the racecourse crowd never becomes unmanageable in the presence of

As I have said before, Randall, who rides her, is a jockey with a headpiece. He is a good-looking, well-educated lad. He took up to race-riding for the love of the thing. His millionaire father is one of our most popular owners, and I, for one, should be delighted to see the young man victorious in the Coronation Derby, as I have watched his career from his childhood with much interest. I cannot fancy Ard Patrick for the race. Friar Tuck may get a place, and I think Pekin will do ditto. If anything happens to Sceptre, then Pekin should be good business, but, with Mr. Sievier's filly fit and well at the post, I consider the race an exercise canter for her.

*Business-men.* The officials of the Epsom Meeting are well-known men of business. Mr. H. M. Dorling, the popular Clerk of the Course, is a paper-merchant in the City. He lives in a fine house at Epsom and devotes a great deal of time and labour to the course. Mr. Robinson, the Judge, was originally a farmer at Newmarket, but now lives in retirement in Surrey. He married a



MOLESEY LOCK ON SUNDAY (MAY 25), THE FIRST DAY OF SUMMER.

Photograph by James Temple.

Royal visitors, and it would be quite possible for their Majesties to walk down the centre of the course between the races without their being mobbed. I have seen the King, when Prince of Wales, strolling leisurely from the Paddock at Goodwood to the Duke of Richmond's Stand without the least inconvenience to himself, and I remember at a Lewes meeting once seeing His Royal Highness chatting to Mrs. Langtry in the Paddock at the back of the Marquis of Abergavenny's Stand, the while the crowd was passing to and fro quite unconcernedly. The racegoer proper likes to see His Majesty on the course, but he does not believe in mobbing his Sovereign at such times.

*The Blue Riband.* Who is to win the Blue Riband of the Turf? as "Dizzy" once dubbed the Derby. This reminds me that Disraeli ran in the Derby won by Jeddah, but he cut up very badly. Pekin, a relative, by-the-bye, is engaged in this year's contest. I know for certain that Captain Bewicke hopes to capture the spoils with his colt. I also know that all the heavy plungers in the neighbourhood of Throgmorton Street have backed him. But after this there is the little formality of winning to be gone through, and I can hardly bring myself to believe that Pekin will beat Sceptre. Mr. Sievier's filly has proved herself on paper to be a champion. The watch shows that her running is true, and she is of the improving sort and should have come on a lot since the Guineas week. I think she will win easily.

daughter of the late Judge Clark. Mr. Robinson is, in my opinion, one of the best Judges that have ever officiated under Jockey Club rules. He is interested in the Gatwick racecourse. Mr. W. C. Mainwaring, the Clerk of the Scales, is a well-known architect of Newmarket. He has planned the Stands for several new racecourses. He is a sound man of business. Mr. Sheldon, who acts as Auctioneer at the Epsom Meeting, is Clerk of the Course to several meetings in the Midlands and elsewhere. He has been connected with racecourse management all his life and has been very successful. The Starter at Epsom is Mr. A. Coventry, who succeeded Lord Marcus Beresford as Official Starter to the Jockey Club on the recommendation, so it was stated at the time, of the Prince of Wales, our present King. Mr. Coventry was a well-known amateur rider in his younger days. He is an ideal starter and is much beloved by the jockeys.

*Chalk-dust.* I hope Mr. H. M. Dorling and the Epsom Local Board will have the roads to Epsom Downs well watered this week if we are without rain. The chalk-dust to be met with on the Epsom roads is simply choking. The Brighton and South-Eastern Companies should saturate the roads from their stations on the Downs, as the first-named Company do at Chichester and Drayton when the Goodwood Meeting is in progress. Chalk-dust, when it blows in big clouds, is of benefit only to the refreshment contractors.

CAPTAIN COE.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE surprises which the British climate is perpetually imposing on the inhabitants of these islands have once more been manifested by the undignified haste with which summer has been hustled into residence just as we had abandoned ourselves to a chronic condition of winter wardrobe, and despaired of anything but north-easterly blizzards even unto the end of time.

Hot weather has been thrust upon us, so to speak, and, with the eternal unpreparedness of the eternal feminine, has found us waiting but unready, at all events in the matter of suitable frocks. As a consequence, there is a great clamouring about the doors of the dressmakers, and chiffons of tropical texture are in exceeding great demand. All the weather-wise people who read their meteorological prognostics and have therefore been prating of an exceptionally hot June are now in the mood of saying "I told you so" to the sartorially unprepared. Those, at all events, who have been wise in their generation and were ready to appear at Hurlingham and Ranelagh on Saturday were justified of their wisdom, for a more overpowering display of fascinating flounces and Romney hats has rarely appeared at these haunts of fripperies and frivolling. Ranelagh continues to be in high favour with the foremost and its green lawns backgrounded an obviously smarter and better-dressed set on Saturday. A delightful dress sat near me on the lawn at tea, being a white muslin with great, sprawling branches of real lace appliqued on its surface. This method was also rendered on another gown of pale-green net, the lace patterns being in black. Both effects were indescribably good. A little French frock of painted blue and green muslin, trimmed with a new coloured lace in matching tones, was also one of the successes of Saturday's Ranelagh. Apropos, one hardly knows whether to like these variously tinted laces which have just been sprung upon

Apropos of outdoor functions, I hear that at a recent garden-party fourteen lost gold purses were found after the various guests had departed. The ridiculous fashion of finger-purses which has now ousted the châtelaine-bag is accountable for this rashness. If the



[Copyright.  
GARDEN-PARTY GOWN OF ÉCRU LOUISINE AND CHIFFON.

us as the "highest novelty" of the Rue de la Paix or not. They have the advantage, however, of hall-marking a frock *de haut en bas* as all that is of the latest mode, and with many women this attribute exceeds all others.



[Copyright.  
GOWN OF WHITE SERGE WITH BLUE PIPINGS.

dressmaker refuses pockets and if fashion condemns the waist-bag, what in the name of the Great Auk are we to do, however? These aforesaid finger-purses are attached to a ring by a chain. The ring fits the little finger, and, for safety's sake, the purse is gathered in the palm of the hand and so is carried. But we all know that hands have been immemorially as famous for losing as keeping, and so our gold and jewel-studded purses are, as a consequence of a silly fashion, not infrequently left by the way to gladden the eyes and raise the ill-got gains of the dishonest.

Amongst the dressmakers' favourite novelties, chiffon puffed into flower shapes—rose, lily, violet, carnation, and what not—is largely used for adorning the bodices and skirts of flimsy-ball-gowns of the moment. Velvet leaves and flower-petals are also used with great effect. That charming little gown worn by Miss Annie Hughes in the last Act of "A Country Mouse" is treated somewhat in this way, wreaths of pale-blue velvet leaves outlining the corsage with very dainty effect. As usual, full audiences remain the rule at the ever-popular little underground Criterion, and those who want to be theatrically enlivened and uplifted can spend two hours very pleasurable listening to that most agreeable fooling which Mr. Arthur Law has provided therein.

I hear that so many people are reconstructing their bath-rooms at the moment—that is to say, all those who can afford to spare an extra bedroom and devote it to the picturesque luxury of a sunken bath, which is the newest addition to the house luxurious. Aromatic baths are the latest affection of the dainty Parisian woman, and are encompassed by a concoction of aromatic herbs which beautify the skin, brace up the nerves, and refresh the weary muscles in hot

weather. This is essentially an old French custom, and also one that prevailed with our classic forbears of early Rome and Greece, when thyme, marjoram, hyssop, mint, sage, rosemary, burridge, and even barley were all used, together or separately, as toilet accessories, their essences extracted by boiling and then added to the water. Verbena, lemon, eau-de-Cologne, and lavender-water are variously used as well with excellent results, lemon-juice having a particularly whitening effect on the skin.

Apropos of essences and perfumes, a Scotch perfume made in Glasgow by Mr. T. Thompson, of 17, Gordon Street, and called Heather Bouquet, has been recommended to me as a fresh and delicious summer scent. I have not tried it, so cannot speak from experience, but the name of heather carries with it pleasant reminiscences of purple moors and gold-coloured sunsets seen in the "Land o' Cakes." There is an oatmeal soap by the same maker which, I am assured, is splendid for the skin, and should be worthy the attention of those who may not know of a really good emollient.

Amongst the recent showers of appointments that have fallen thick and fast on the industrious merchants and traders of this country, I notice that Robinson and Cleaver, of Belfast, have been appointed Manufacturers to the Princess of Wales. The seal which is used by Lord Shaftesbury, the Princess's Chamberlain, for this and other purposes bears the monogram "V.M." under the Imperial Crown, so that when Princess May comes to the throne she will probably be known as Queen Victoria May. By the way, it is not generally known that little Prince

Eddy is called David by his immediate family. He is full of life and spirits, and has most engaging manners, which are doubtless inherited in a special degree from his maternal grandmother. When in the country the little Princes and their sister are put into sandals, which are admitted to be the most hygienic form of footgear that children or, indeed, grown-ups can wear. The latest sandals have pierced toe-caps, and are made of white, buff, and grey leather, and it is even said that women are coming to adopt this classic form of pediment, although on that point I am inclined to be sceptical; the vision of barefooted nymphs in Hyde Park hardly seems a realisable dream.

The question of entertaining has never been more a vexed one than in this year. Everyone feels bound to contribute a quota of gaiety, more or less, in whatever social orbit she revolves, and, with the ever-growing acquaintanceship that living in London involves, the question of whom to ask and whom to leave out becomes constantly one of more pressing necessity.

Of hospitality, as we understand it from the dictionary explanation, there is little or none. It becomes merely a question with most people nowadays as to whether those who come to their houses for dancing or dining can ask them back, and those who cannot generally, to use an Americanism, "get left." "What is his income?" "How much is he worth?" "Do they entertain?" are the inevitable queries of the modern hostess when reviewing her visiting list.

I went to the Opera on Thursday to hear Melba in the Mad Scene and delight in those wonderful, flute-like notes, trying all the issues that human skill and a Heaven-born voice are conjointly capable of producing. No panegyrics or ecstasies can convey what the listener must hear for himself, and I will not attempt them; but it must be emphasised that Signor Caruso was in splendid voice and is a notably important addition to the Operatic Session, or Season, whichever it be.

Of jewels there was a superabundant display, and the flashing of tiaras and necklaces enlivened an always brilliant scene. A sceptical mere man who sat near me whispered to his neighbour in the next stall, "I wonder how many of these crowns and ceintures are heirlooms and how many Parisian Diamond Company"—which seemed to me the very handsomest compliment that deserving Company could receive. A glance at the illustration given on this page of their new designs in diamond collar and corsage ornament will convey an idea of the perfection to which the Parisian Diamond Company's gem-work has attained.—SYBIL.



NEW DESIGNS IN DIAMOND COLLAR AND CORSAGE ORNAMENT AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

is a most valuable publication. A special feature of this year's issue is a capital article on various attractive resorts, entitled "Looking for Lodgings," which includes descriptive references to places of interest on the Great Northern system. It can be obtained free on application to the Superintendent of the Line, King's Cross, N. Other useful publications are the Tourist Programme of the Great Northern and a little booklet entitled "How About our Luggage?"

On Thursday last, Dr. Graham Grant gave a Grand Variety Concert in Limehouse Town Hall in aid of the parochial charities of St. Matthew's, Stepney. The entertainment was a great success. Among the ladies and gentlemen who kindly gave their services were Madame Amy Dewhurst, Miss Florence Venning, Miss Jessie Parker, Miss Cécile Roche, and Miss Dorette Roche; Mr. Reginald Groome, Mr. Robert Ganthony, Mr. E. J. Odell, Mr. Herbert Harden, Mr. Henry Pyatt, and Mr. S. W. Spurr.

The Great Northern Railway Guide to seaside, farmhouse, and country lodgings and hotels on their system

## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on June 10.*

## THE MARKETS AND CONSOLS.

THE negotiations drag on until there is good ground for thinking that all the steam will be out of the markets before the Peace, which we all expect, is announced. These Notes are written before Mr. Balfour's promised announcement is made, and the public has clearly made up its mind not, on this occasion, to anticipate the expected end, as it has done once or twice before to its cost.

Nothing has been more pronounced than the rise in Consols. About three weeks ago, an acquaintance told us that he was going abroad for three months, and that he wanted to put out £10,000 which was lying at his bankers' before he went; we advised him to buy Consols and to go away in peace, with the result that he purchased at 94*3*, and before he arrives at his destination the price has risen to over 97. The continued buying which has characterised the last ten days is due principally to our Yankee friends, who, not satisfied with buying up our derelict railways and giving about twice their value for a number of second-hand steamships, have now turned their attention to Consols. If the Peace negotiations turn out as expected, we shall not be surprised to see Goschens at par within a reasonably short time, for, once the fear of further issues is at an end, and the purchases on behalf of the Sinking Fund resumed, there is really nothing to prevent this much-to-be-desired consummation being reached.

## YANKEE SHARES AND SHIPS.

With the renewal of activity in the Kaffir Circus, there has come a slight, a very slight, revival of interest over Yankee shares. It is, of course, a well-known Stock Exchange axiom that no two booms can ever be kept running at the same time, but there have frequently been spasmodic periods when both Yankees and Kaffirs spurted simultaneously. The principal bar to anything like a summer boomlet in Americans lies in the probable absence of the magnates, some of whom have started for Europe, while there are several here or on the Continent already. It will be noticed that the daily transactions on the New York Exchange are comparatively few, and we doubt whether sufficient interest can be maintained in the market to encourage hopes for another jump in prices yet awhile. The market will play a gentle see-saw for some weeks, if not months, to come, and speculators must be prepared to put up with small profits.

In the Canadian section, Grand Trunks are possibly as high as merits warrant, with the exception of the First Preference stock, which should command 110 in course of time. The junior securities are, we think, quite high enough, but expert opinion in the market is by no means unanimous on the point. Canadian Pacifics will have a very good chance of reaching 150 if the fast Atlantic service promised within two years should be successful in fighting the Atlantic combination.

Now that the Morgan Shipping Trust has become an actual power to be reckoned with, the issue of its stocks and shares will not be postponed much longer. Time alone can prove whether the Morganatic schemes are justifiable, regarded as a channel for the

profitable employment of the public's money, but the huge amount of water which crept into the United States Steel Corporation's accounts is likely to be a still more prominent feature in the financial arrangement of the Shipping Trust. Official details will, no doubt, coincide very closely with those published so far, and the latter certainly went to show that the directors of the Atlantic Combine in floating their venture were going to water the capital with appropriate freedom.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"For my part," began The Merchant, "I shall be very glad when the Coronation is over. I'm positively sick of it already."

"And so say all of us," agreed The Engineer. "Expense, inconvenience, and general discomfort is all that Londoners are going to get out of it, so far as I can foresee."

"The West-End shops will do well, won't they?" asked The Jobber. "But, look here, d'you remember the little game we played at the beginning of the War?"

"When we were all tired to death of the talk of it and fined everybody half-a-crown who mentioned the word in our confab?"

"Yes," replied The Jobber. "Shall we do the same now over the Coronation?"

"That is an excellent suggestion, my dear sir," beamed The Banker. "And may I propose that all fines shall be devoted to the Hospital Fund which is being raised by way of a Coronation gift to the King?"

"Good!" cried The Jobber. "By the way, I think you have just mentioned the word which is tabooed. May I trouble you for two-and-six?"

Protesting the unfairness of the charge, The Banker smilingly handed over the coin. "I shall make it back again out of my Home Rails," he said.

"Which are coming right all round," responded the Broker. "I have for months maintained that Home Rails are the things to buy, on traffic and dividend prospects."

"Good traffics?" And The Jobber seemed to thirst for information. "When?"

"At the Coronation time, of course."

And then all the others laughed, and, as The Broker handed over his contribution with a look of deadly malice, "You won't catch me so easily next time, you Juggins," was his only comment.

"If there's one class of Company more than another which ought to make a good thing out of the—

er—festivities, it is the drapers," The Merchant observed.

"Buy yourself some Crisp shares," advised The Jobber.

"Don't you be a—a—what Mr. Fred Crisp called the other man at the meeting last week," followed The Broker.

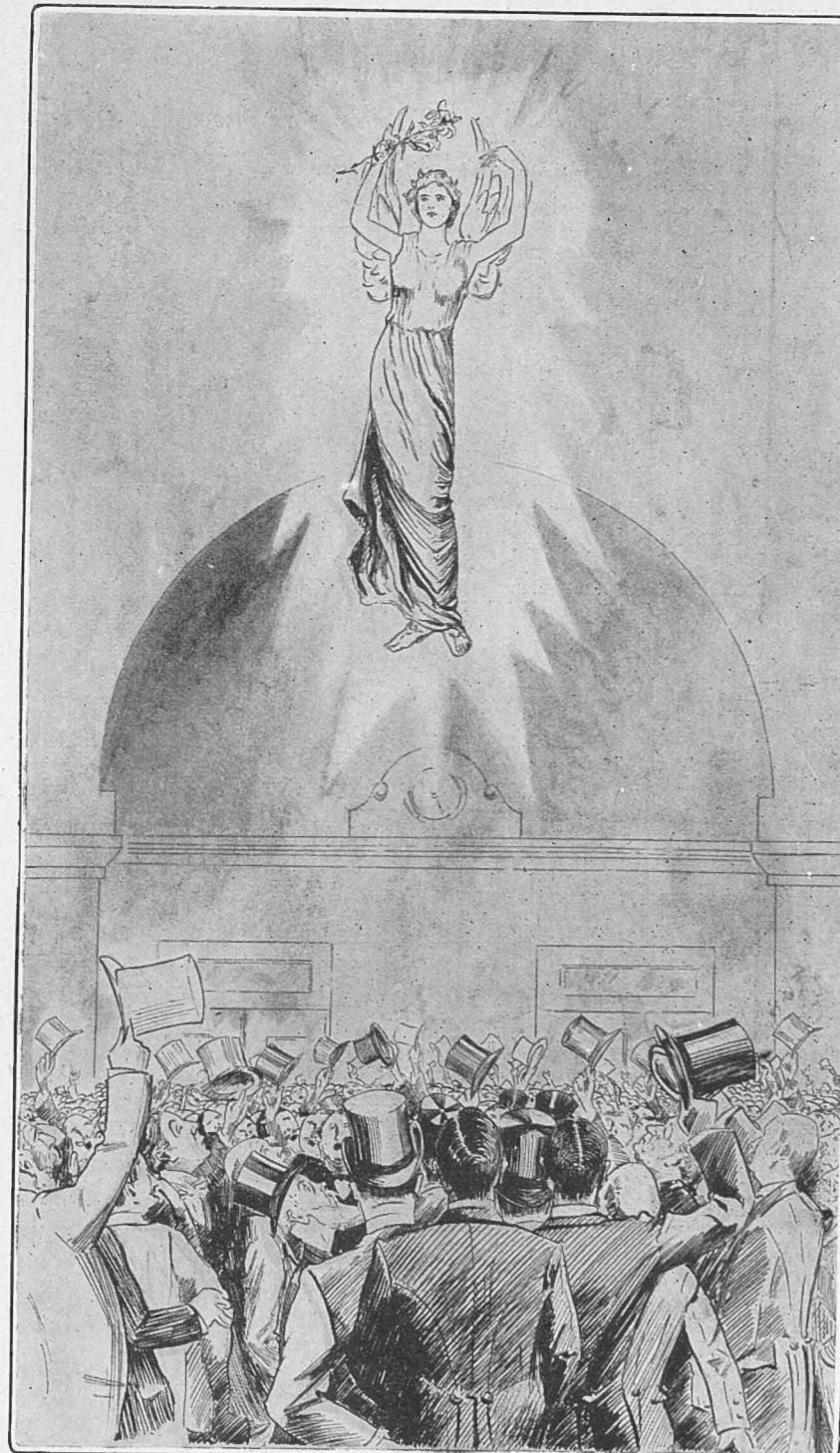
"The other man had much the better of it by retorting that abuse is no argument," rejoined The Jobber. "Crisp's are not a bad gamble by any means," he continued. "They are *cum* whatever dividend the Court allows Mr. Crisp to pay shareholders, and that should by rights pan out to a florin per share."

"I have a fancy for Harrod's," said The Merchant.

"Not a bad speculation, by any means," confirmed The Broker. "Shall I buy you a few?"

"M'yes, I think I'll take a hundred if you can get them at anything like the middle price."

The Jobber groaned audibly. "You cut-throat clients!" ejaculated



"PEACE!"

he. "Must go and fix your limits at the middle price, of course. How do you expect a poor but honest jobber to get a living? What do you say, Brokie?"

"Oh! I say that, although I've often heard of a poor jobber, I've never heard of an honest one," replied The Broker, sweetly.

"Jobbers haven't got clients they can fatten on," was his friend's taunt. "For my own part, I'd rather be a policeman at the Coronation than—"

But the last part of the pious wish was drowned in the clamour for two-and-sixpence. When the Carriage had finished laughing, The City Editor said—

"How much higher are Argentines going? Have they not had sufficient rise so far as the treaty business is concerned?"

The Merchant sighed as he confessed that he sold all his at the commencement of the advance. "I didn't know what was in the wind then," he complained.

"My own impression is that we shall see a pretty sharp slump in Argentines before long."

"My dear Brokie, do not, I pray you, aspire to be all-knowing. You really should temper your omniscience with an occasional display of ignorance, however hard you might find it to dissemble."

The Banker was inclined to side with his friend The Broker. "The bonds have had a substantial improvement already, and are more likely to go backwards now than they are to move forward."

"Italians are one of the hardest things in the Foreign Markets."

"Hardest?" And The Engineer looked puzzled.

"Firmest, I mean. We shall probably have them better yet. For a nation—"

"Half-a-crown, please!" exclaimed The Jobber, suddenly emerging from behind his newspaper. "I heard you!"

"I didn't say 'Coronation.'"

"There you are—you've just said it! I call upon these gentlemen as witnesses. That makes five bob, Brokie, that you've lost this morning. Bath-bun and a glass of milk for you at lunch this day. Pay up, sir."

"Ten shillings in one morning!" laughed The Engineer, rising. "Really, we shall have to play this game again."

"For the present, the game is up," returned the treasurer, swinging himself on to the platform.

Saturday, May 31, 1902.

#### FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, *The Sketch*, 198, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal-order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. E. W.—You appear to have waited overlong in buying your Africans, but we see no sign of their going down, and the Westralians are considerably better than when you wrote. You do not say what price you gave for the shares, but, if you are going to get nervous at every fluctuation of  $\frac{1}{16}$ th in price, you had far better have nothing to do with speculation. Take a small profit in both cases the moment you can get it, and give the game up, for you are clearly "not built that way."

NALGAR.—Your six investments are absolutely unimpeachable.

T. J.—Buy Consols and wait a bit. If there is any reaction in Argentines, go in again. We rather fear you have been precipitate.

C. C. W.—We fancy Mackenna and Co. have a block of shares to sell. Write and ask them what they will give for yours. When people send that sort of gratuitous circular, we think it is a bad sign.

F. S.—Your letter was answered on May 30.

CORONATION.—See this week's Notes. Cape 4 per cent. 1881 Bonds at 102, with £2 interest accrued, are a far better purchase than the  $3\frac{1}{2}$  stock at 105. It is true that you are liable to be paid off by annual drawings at par, but you would lose nothing by this, and may go on getting 4 per cent. for years.

MISS R. M.—Your letter has been handed over to the Editor. We cannot see why you addressed the envelope to the City Editor.

Epsom Summer Races, June 4, 5, and 6.—Cabs will be in attendance at Tattenham Corner Station for the convenience of passengers travelling by the South-Eastern and Chatham Company's route to Epsom from Charing Cross, Waterloo, St. Paul's, Cannon Street, and London Bridge on the above days.

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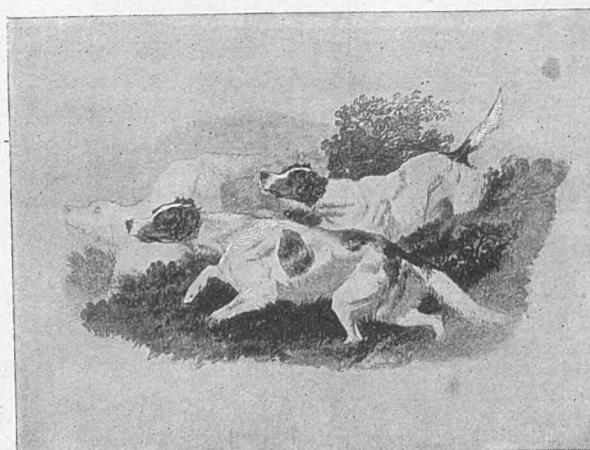
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